

Week ending January 6 1951

Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

G.I. Joe stands by in Britain

by HARRY HOPKINS

COMPLETE STORIES BY DUDLEY HOYS
AND BARRY PEROWNE





Sailors do care!

Here's a happy young man in his sailor suit! Tony's the name, an impish little fellow with light brown hair and blue eyes. His favourite game is dressing up to play 'concerts' with his sister and you should hear the rafters ring when it's Tony's turn to sing! He's only three, but like many other children, he's made up his mind about Bournville

Cocoa. He won't go to bed without it! Mother's glad, for she knows how Bournville Cocoa makes milk really popular with the youngsters, putting that extra nourishment into a well balanced diet that growing children need. And it's always liked in sweets and puddings too—see how *your* children like this one!

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Put all ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 mins. Stir fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat, beat fudge well until it is almost setting. Pour quickly into greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

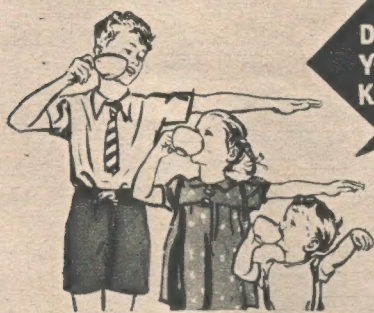
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3 tablesp. sweetened condensed or evaporated milk • 4 tablesp. water
3 oz. sugar • 1 good dessertsp.
Bournville Cocoa • $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine
1 teasp. vanilla essence



DID YOU KNOW

that $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Bournville Cocoa helps to make 14 cups of chocolatey cocoa, and **A BIG CHOCOLATE CAKE** and **A CHOCOLATE CREAM TRIFLE** and **A DISH OF CHOCOLATE FUDGE**



CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT



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Lost her teeth
through gum
neglect...



WISE!
S.R. keeps
teeth white
and
gums healthy!



**Whiteness alone
isn't enough!**

S.R. gives whiteness and protection

Many people lose their teeth—good, white, strong teeth—because of gum troubles. S.R. does so much more than keep your teeth white and sparkling—it protects them against gum troubles, too. S.R. does a *double* job for you!

You see, S.R. contains sodium ricinoleate, the ingredient which many dentists use to treat gum infection. Twice daily brushing with S.R. will not only keep your teeth *whiter*, but will protect them from gum trouble as well!



Teeth white & gums right **S.R.**

GR 219-618

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A new "cost of living" basis is wanted now

ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL cogs in our national machinery for fixing wages has slipped a bit and is threatening, in engineering terms, to cause a seize-up, or, at any rate, a loss of power we can ill afford, if it is not repaired.

The "cog" is the official cost-of-living index compiled by the Ministry of Labour. According to what it shows, the pay of a million and a quarter workers is altered automatically, and that of many millions more is influenced by it.

It is obviously desirable that this index should be accurate, up-to-date and reliable. There must be complete public confidence in it, or it may do more harm than good.

So everybody wants a good index—workers, employers and Government alike. And everybody concerned is worried by the defects of the present one. That is why the Minister of Labour, Mr. George Isaacs, has called together the Cost-of-Living Advisory Committee to find out whether we should not at once start researches into family budgets with the object of revising the index.

The first index was based on prices and figures of consumption collected in 1904. A new "interim" index based on 1937-38 figures was substituted in 1947.

BUT what is called the "pattern of expenditure" has altered greatly since 1938, let alone since 1904. If money is now being spent on a new range of goods and services, then these should either be added to the old list or substituted for things which are no longer in demand.

And unless the list, and the index which results from it, is brought up to date, there will be well-founded grumbles that it does not truly reflect what it is supposed to reflect—the average family's spending.

This is precisely what has happened today.

The index does, indeed, still cover most of the things on which most of the people's money is spent—essential foods, clothes, rent, fuel and light, furniture, household goods and equipment, recreation, fares, drinks and tobacco. It is not confined to necessities—it includes a lot of semi-luxuries as well.

But—and this is the vital snag—does it include them in the right proportions? The all-important process known as "weighting" the index comes into play here.

If, for example, the allowance for

drinks and tobacco is over-weighted, then the index will be distorted. And in any case a fixed "weighting" will not make allowance for changes in consumption caused by price rises which people cannot afford to pay.

Yet to tinker too much and too often with the index is to risk destroying its value as a basis of comparison—the very purpose it is designed to serve.

Clearly there is plenty of room for criticism and misunderstanding. Equally clearly it is no use ever expecting the index to be perfect. It can never claim to be more than an average indication of an average working-class family's cost of living. And as no family is quite "average," no one family's budget will ever be quite accurately depicted.

MOREOVER, the average family aimed at by the index has deliberately been made one with a very low income level—the sort of people who most need protection, by a sliding wage-scale, from the harshest effects of price changes.

Here is another and rather undeserved cause of complaint. Mr. Smith, earning £10 a week, may have a somewhat different "pattern of expenditure" from Mr. Brown, who earns only £5 a week.

Mr. Smith's extra income allows him to buy goods which are not in Mr. Brown's reach and are not, perhaps, included in the index list. So if their prices rise, the index does not show it. Mr. Smith therefore feels aggrieved, and will be inclined to scoff at the index if it is offered to him as evidence that the cost of living has not really risen so much.

Because of such discrepancies and grievances, it is fatally easy to start suspicions that the Government, for its own political or economic purposes, is manipulating the index figures. But a moment's thought will show that no government in its senses would try to fiddle with something so open to public test and criticism.

The public can be assured that the index, whatever its defects, is honest. But it is not much use having an honest index if it fails to reflect the spending habits of the times. This is the problem. And since we are entering a year which will put a further strain on our industries, a solution must be found quickly. Mr. Isaacs should tell his committee to put in some overtime, and then get on with the job of overhauling the index in a realistic way.

More power for more people but...



TODAY the nation has more power than ever before. This January, British Electricity have more than a million more horse-power in service compared with this time last year.

But the number of industrial, domestic and commercial consumers also grows each year. * More than 1,000,000 more consumers are being supplied now than before vesting day; and nearly 30% more electricity is being consumed now than then.

That is one obvious reason why even the increased power now available is not yet enough to meet the maximum simultaneous demands of consumers at the "rush" or "Peak Demand" Hours. And why "Power Cuts" unfortunately cannot be ended—unless you help!

THE PEAK PROBLEM

Electricity cannot be stored on a large scale. Enough generating plant must therefore be provided to meet the maximum simultaneous demands of consumers.

Unfortunately there is not at present always enough generating plant available to supply con-

sumers' "Peak Demands". And when demand exceeds supply, some load must be shed; that is what causes "Power Cuts".

At times when there is not a "Peak Load" greater than can be met, and always at night-time and during week-ends, there is some generating plant idle, waiting to supply your need.

THE SOLUTION

By using your electric appliances, particularly electric fires, as little as possible during times of "Peak Demand", and when you hear a B.B.C. warning, you can limit or eliminate "Power Cuts". At other "Off-Peak" times "Electricity is at Your Service". Use your electricity "Off-Peak".

The usual "Peak Hours" at this time of the year are 8 to 9.30 a.m. and 4 to 5.30 p.m. (Mondays to Fridays).

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Crisp! Delicious!
Thrilling!

Two double-thick, crispy,
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smothered in delicious
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YOU CAN STOP THAT COLD from running through the family



This simple 'Two-Way' Preventive Routine will help to keep the rest of the family clear of infection...

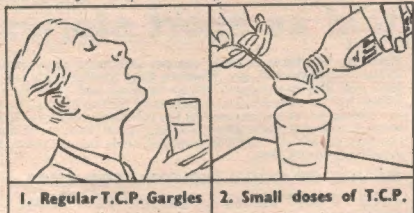
When one of the family develops a Cold or 'Flu, here is something positive that can be done to stop it running through the home.

Start everyone, right away, on this simple 'Two-Way' Preventive Routine, and be sure they keep it up, so long as there is a risk of infection:-

1. Get them to gargle thoroughly, night and morning, with diluted T.C.P.
2. Also, and this is important, get them to take a small internal dose of T.C.P. in water. (For young children, give a few drops of T.C.P. on a lump of sugar.)

This preventive routine acts in two ways. The T.C.P. antiseptic gargle guards the mouth and throat against infecting germs picked up from the sufferer. And the doses of T.C.P. (which are completely safe and beneficial)

help the whole system to repel any infection that may enter the body.



It's this extra internal action that makes this T.C.P. 'Two-Way' routine so effective in protecting the rest of the family, whenever there's a Cold or 'Flu in the house.

T.C.P. Regd.

Obtainable from all Chemists

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC FOR EXTERNAL & INTERNAL USE

FREE SPEECH

Mother speaks her mind

AT WHAT AGE does a mother cease to be under an obligation to her offspring? My children, now married, are eternally demanding this and that of me. One day it is: "Mother, may we come to your house for meals while the decorators are in ours?" Another time it is: "May we borrow your spare bedroom for a week when we have visitors?" I have lost count of the number of times I have been asked to mind the grandchildren while their parents go to the cinema.

When I was young I never made such demands on my parents, and I am beginning to wonder if my responsibilities to my children will ever end. At what age, I wonder, will they do anything for me?—HAPPY BUT TIRED, Notts.

The Frightened Man

OUR FACTORY has just been visited by a Mass Radiography mobile unit. The whole procedure took about two minutes, yet some employees refused to take advantage of this admirable scheme. Some scoffed at the idea, others couldn't be bothered. I heard one man remark: "If there is anything wrong with my chest I don't want to know about it."

Yet two minutes of so-called bother may ensure extra years of good health, or peace of mind in the knowledge of your own fitness.—T. B. STEWART, 195 South Road, Lochee, Dundee.

Flowers For The Festival

LOOKING ROUND MY GARDEN, I notice there are lots of ripe seed pods still hanging on some of the dead annuals—marigold, larkspur and sunflowers. I intend to harvest some of the seeds, and in early spring take a trip to a few of the country spots near London and plant them along the hedgerows.

It will make a world of difference to those miles of plain hawthorn hedges that line the approaches to our big cities, and will impress overseas visitors to the Festival of Britain.—E. T. BANKS, 33 Marsala Road, London, S.E.13.

... As a contribution to the Festival of Britain, those of us with front gardens should make a bold splash with red, white and blue flowers. My large centre flower bed is going to have brilliant red salvias, bordered with white alyssum and blue lobelia.—V. ABBOTT, Welling, Kent.

Letford The Imperturbable

I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE that the prospect of danger would make the face of Flight Lieutenant Ken Letford "long and unhappy," as described in *Yangtse Incident* (JOHN BULL, December 9). I was at school with Letford and I have never known a man so imperturbable. Millions will bear me out on this point—those who heard his voice when he was piloting a Lancaster bomber from which a B.B.C. commentator broadcast during a raid on Berlin in September, 1943.

During the transmission, the bomber was attacked by a German night fighter. Listeners heard the thud of its bullets striking the fuselage, the confused warnings of the Lancaster's gunners, and Letford's only comment:

"All right, don't all bloody well speak at once."—J. DILLON MACCARTHY, 1 Brigade Street, London, S.E.3.

It was not danger that made Letford's face long. Lawrence Earl's story made it clear that he was unhappy because he had been ordered to give up his attempt to land beside "Amethyst" under fire.

... High praise to Lawrence Earl for his brilliant reporting in *Yangtse Incident*. I met him when he was in Plymouth gathering his material and, incidentally, helped to arrange some of his interviews. His skilful technique in questioning and his subsequent weaving together of the whole intricate story was an education in the art of journalism.—E. T. B., Plymouth.

A Child's Churchgoing

EVERY SUNDAY I take my little girl to hear the Church of England services. When she is older I will take her to services of all other denominations held locally. Then, when she is confirmed, she will know that other faiths exist.—PARENT, Epsom, Surrey.

Cold Home Comfort

PART FROM THE KITCHENETTE, the temperature is forty degrees Fahrenheit all round my house this morning. Most housewives have to stay indoors in winter with no proper laundry facilities, which makes already cold houses damper. Why can't we have proper house warming and laundry facilities in our homes?—MRS. MARY HERLE, 106 Seaforth Gardens, Stoneleigh, Surrey.

... Railway travellers from this village shuddered for years in the fireless waiting-room at our station. A few weeks ago the parish council decided, David-like, to approach Goliath for a wee supply of fire. Hey presto! Within four days a fire gleamed merrily in the grate. And now grateful travellers promptly leave the door wide open!—G. E. RIVERS, Lymington, Devon.

The First Flying Girls

I WAS MOST INTERESTED in your article on flying ballet ("All Set For The Fairy Take-off," December 9). About 1888, at the pantomime at the old Britannia Theatre in Hoxton, I saw what I was told were the first Flying Girls. The audience was wildly excited, and the producer had to give about a dozen curtain calls.—ETHEL JONES, 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

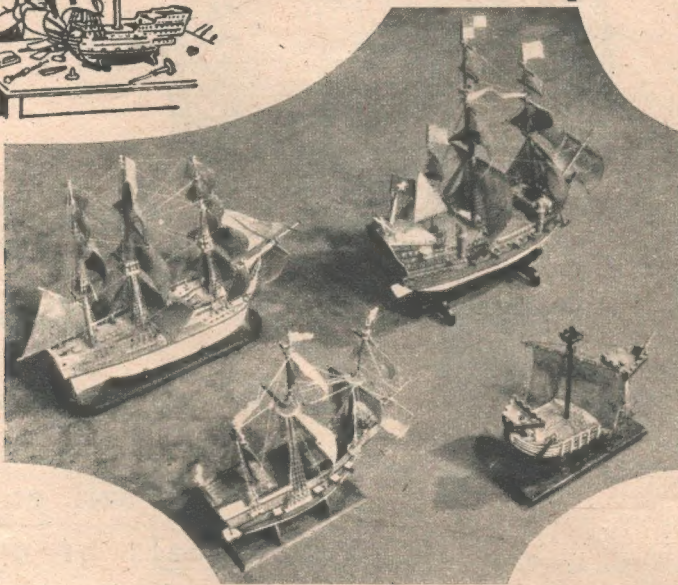
THIS WEEK'S COVER



"WHEN I used to go to fancy dress balls in my art student days," says Douglas L. Mays, "I usually went on stilts. It saved me from dancing, which I dislike. Besides, the man on top sees it all."



Kits of old-time Model Ships



HAVEN'T you often admired those old-time ship models? Well, why not make one yourself? It's a fascinating hobby and everything is provided. Full-size patterns, instructions and complete kit of materials which you can make up with the tools on any Hobbies Outfit. Or design sheet only. There's the *Revenge*, *Mayflower*, *Victory*, *Cutty Sark*, *Bounty*—all the exciting ships of history for you to make. You'll find it interesting to make in your spare time. Complete kits from 3/6.

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with a penny!*

Just a 1^d will enrich
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a beefy drink—that's
all it costs to buy an
Oxo Cube.



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DEPENDS A LOT ON
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IF you specially want to be at your best,
take Beecham's Pills last thing at night.
Next day you'll be clear-headed, bright-
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In boxes, 1/6 & 3/8d.
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TAKE
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TONIGHT

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When you wake up in the morning with
that slight but ominous soreness in your
throat, and that "raw" feeling on your
chest... it's Kilkof time! Kilkof has a
pleasant, warming taste. You can feel it
soothing your sore throat, and easing the
tightness in your chest right from the first
teaspoonful. A bottle of Kilkof in the family
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Get a bottle to-
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"Have a CAPSTAN" begins many a friendship,
forms many a friendly circle. This really
good cigarette is made
to make friends.



Have a
CAPSTAN



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John Bull photographs by Arthur Whittington

At Ruislip, the G.I. gets his choice of the world's best goods in the P.X.—the American Serviceman's Naafi. He can get a new car in three weeks

G.I. Joe stands by in Britain

by HARRY HOPKINS

Ten air bases over here are now American worlds of washetarias, snow-white flour and eight-inch steaks. The Yanks are back



Maj.-General Johnson at his H.Q. near London. He says: "I don't know how long we shall stay"

SERGEANT PETER CARMEN RENNA, from California, was i/c Grading and Fill. Three feet down in the red, oozy Gloucestershire clay, gum-booted and cowed like an Eskimo, he eyed his cavorting monsters with satisfaction as they tore into the English earth, pushed it about, smoothed it down, stamped on it, seven inches at a time, with a pressure of 6,040 lb. to each roller. "It'll be okay," he said, "just so long as it doesn't rain."

The runway stretched rawly ahead, gashing the green fields, until somewhere in the distance it hit a road and overshot it by a thousand feet, beleaguering the villagers of Dunfield. "Fellow

over there says he's going to throw me into a well," said Sgt. Renna, good-humouredly.

Across the border in Oxfordshire, an Engineer lieutenant from New Jersey craned his neck, directed his men crawling about the gleaming, half-stripped roof of a hangar. The hangar, too, stood in the way of a growing runway. The blue oxy-acetylene flames stabbed and hissed. "This thing sure wasn't put up to be taken down," said Lieut. Soha, cheerfully.

Back at the Brize Norton base, Sgt. George H. Purcell from Baltimore unlocked the front door of the house he is getting ready for his wife, and their two young children who were

born on an Air Force base in Alaska. Putting down his bag of P.X. groceries, he looked at the old-fashioned kitchen range doubtfully. "I've boiled a kettle on it," he said, "but I've never seen anything like that before. . . ." Five houses away, Mrs. John Protz, from Pittsburg, two months in England, was baking coffee rolls. She, too, looked at the oven uneasily. "Never seen anything like that before," she said.

Quietly, unobtrusively, the Yanks are coming back to Britain. In Warrington, Lancashire, a pants-pressing, dry-cleaning hole-in-the-wall suddenly strikes it rich; in a dozen sleepy East Anglian villages, garages treble their number of hire-cars; in Oxford, the G.I.s and their girl friends, hats on the back of their heads, make the Agricola Quick Service Bar look like a scene from a movie.

There are over 14,000 of them to date. They occupy, or part-occupy, ten air bases stretching across England from the Mersey to the estuary of the Thames.

"We'll Be Pleased To Have You"

And nobody seems to know quite how it happened. Sitting before the half-furled Stars and Stripes in the handsome new factory building at Ruislip, outside London, which is his Third Air Division's headquarters, Major-General Leon W. Johnson told me: "I don't know whether it was our government that asked your government, or your government that asked ours. There was no formal arrangement. We were just told: 'Come over and we shall be pleased to have you.' Our bases remain under R.A.F. command, and co-operation has been outstanding—it's done a lot to make us feel kindly towards the British. How long shall we stay? I don't know—but then, I see no reason for a change. We are getting training in attack—and we are giving your fighters experience in defensive methods. Both you and we gain by the deal."

A big, unassuming Middle Westerner, Leon Johnson was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour for leading his heavy bombers in a low-level attack on the Ploesti oilfields in 1943. To the right of his desk at Ruislip stands a large globe—and as you listen to that quiet, matter-of-fact voice you know that the globe cannot just be there for the theatrical effect of the thing. It is, in fact, the whole key to the major-general's presence in Britain today.

For in 1951 the United States Air Force is a globe-girdling force. Its fliers must be ready to get up and go anywhere from Alaska to Okinawa at twenty-four hours' notice. They must be equally at home over the heat-hazed emptiness of the South Pacific, the sand-shrouded deserts of North Africa, or the icy wastes of the Bering Sea. In executing this Strategic Air Command "Mobility Plan," explains Johnson, the experience that American airmen are now gaining in Britain is invaluable.

In Touch With World Weather

You see the point in its full, almost godlike, majesty when you step into the weather rooms at Ruislip, stand before the wall covered with maps of the world, enmeshed in writhing isobars. "Now, say we have an aircraft here in Alaska," says Major E. C. Luck, a forecaster from Kansas City. "They decide to send it over here. It may quite easily come across the Pole. We have to know what it's going to hit. That means we have to attempt to forecast here for any place in the northern hemisphere." The teleprinter at our elbow begins to stutter—the 3.50 p.m. bulletin coming in from Germany. All day and night the phone bells ring and the teleprinters stutter—only Russia and the Far East hold out on the U.S. Air Force weather men. "If this place gets out of line," says Major Luck, "everything gets out of line."

Out of the East Anglian sky the Superforts lumber, roaring over the square church towers, the fields of sugar beet, the black-and-white

Friesian cattle. At Sculthorpe, near the Wash, the gleaming silver fins rise like a vision beyond endless rows of cabbages; at King's Lynn and Market Downham and Lakenheath and Mildenhall, sleepy streets are enlivened by the smart new blue uniforms with which the American Air Force has declared its newly won independence of the army; in Cambridge, Ethel, behind the bar at the Eagle, welcomes a new generation come to gaze at the squadron names and numbers their elders burned on the ceiling with cigarette lighters in the days when Europe blazed.

Rigours Of An English Summer

The S.A.C. Mobility Plan provides that bomber-groups shall cross to England in rotation for three months' intensive operational training. Thus, towards the end of July, in the grilling heat of their base at Merced, California, the men of S.A.C.'s 93 Bomber Group, around two thousand in all, said goodbye to their wives and climbed aboard their spruced-up B50s to head eastwards across the American continent and across the Atlantic ocean to face the rigours of a summer in England.

It was these B50s that I saw three months later, lying out on the concrete apron at Marham, in Norfolk, one after the other, their translucent noses glistening in the sun, their fins and tails tipped with blue—the 328 Squadron's colours, repeated in the flying caps of their crews. In front of each aircraft paced a guard with a slung carbine. Men busied themselves around them, crawled underneath their bellies, fussed over the long dark guns, strode, silhouetted against the sky, down their spines.

"This is nearly a new ship, with only thirty hours twenty minutes' flying time in," said Lieut. Oliver F. Laatsch, of Milwaukee, 9355's commander. "So there's a lot of little bugs that need ironing out—we've been out here since early this morning." He went over to help his crew to haul over the concrete a long trolley load of 500-lb. bombs. It was bombing-up time.

When, a couple of years ago, General Curtis LeMay was given the job of getting the Strategic Air Command into fighting shape, he was given first call on whatever men he needed from his old commands in Britain, the South Pacific and Germany. Laatsch, for instance, hauled the first load of food from Frankfurt into blockaded Berlin, got in one hundred and seventy-two trips before the Airlift was called off. The war he spent as a "blister-man," a gunner, in B17s over the South Pacific.

Blue Tapes Across Europe

Often the bombers take off on training flights five days a week—it is a pretty austere life, the crews living on call at the base. And after each flight of four hours or over, there is the eight-hour "post-flight inspection." The maintenance crews, four men to each aircraft, bless the day the squadron turned over to B50s, the postwar editions of the old wartime Superforts which, besides having a range of 6,000 miles, can be cowed and uncowed in a fraction of the time.

The briefing was fixed for four o'clock. With a noise like the droning of ten million swarming bees, the crews went speeding across the concrete on their Corgi auto-scooters, the spaniel puppy, Flaps, acquired in Mildenhall, yapping at their heels. Inside the briefing hut, the blue tapes on the big map of Europe stretched out from Norfolk across the North Sea. The Operations Officer ran through the mission—the bombing run over Heligoland, the interception by Dutch and R.A.F. fighters over Holland, the evading action, the return to base, five miles high.

Early next morning, in their blue-and-white peaked squadron caps, their flying suits and yellow lifebelts, the crews would stand in line in front of their aircraft while the commander ran down the personal equipment check-list



This is where G.I.s take their soft drinks.

and the first observer gave the final time-check. The trip would, in all probability, have few surprises, for by now these men were veterans of the European skies. They had flown, non-stop, 3,000 miles round the coast of Britain; they had radar-bombed vast industrial areas; they had re-fuelled from B29 tankers met over the North Sea on a line from Wolverhampton to Heligoland; they had swooped in and out of the tropics with flights to Aden and West Africa.

"Back home," Laatsch told me, "it was the same old targets all the time. The trip over here across the water, by itself, was a navigational education. . . ." For the navigators British towns, closely packed and harder to distinguish, were a new experience. British weather brought new skills in instrument flying. Said 9355's 1st Lieut. F. S. Murphee: "I've seen more fogs since I've been here than I ever saw before."

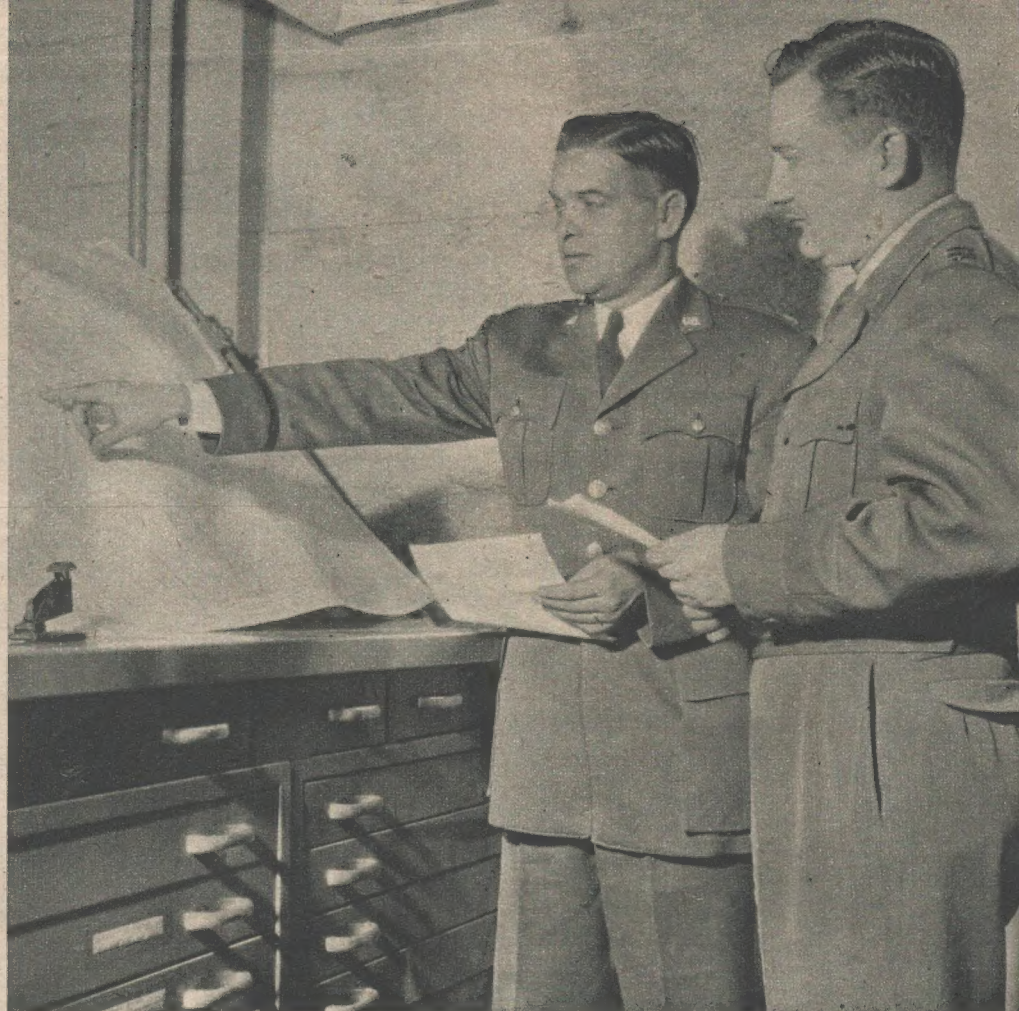
A rumour had gone around that S.A.C.'s famed commander, Curtis LeMay, who likes to drop in on his far-flung outposts unannounced, was on his way over from his headquarters at Offutt Field, Nebraska. LeMay, if he did turn up, must have been well satisfied with the flourishing condition of his English parish. In Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, several thousand U.S. Engineer troops were tearing into three old R.A.F. airfields, extending runways to 9,000 feet, building new roads, planning living quarters, clubs, snack bars, on the standard to which the G.I. is accustomed. And now, at Manston, in Kent, a group of F84 Thunderjets, emblazoned with the yellow lightning flash and the "Mighty Mouse" mascot designed for them by Walt Disney, had been added to the bomber group.

Though in Britain this activity went largely unremarked, it was not unnoted elsewhere. Growled Vishinsky in the United Nations Assembly: "We know who these bombers are intended to attack." In Britain, Winston Churchill bore him out. Their presence, he said, was a "vital part of the deterrent which is what we are living on now."

It remained, nevertheless, hard to connect these relaxed and affable young men with anything so diabolic, so cataclysmic, as the atom bomb. Said Mrs. Thurston, as the Superforts



Food in every American camp is "strictly stateside"—even in Britain



Weather for the northern hemisphere is forecast by Major Luck (left)

roared over her little cottage at Tattersall, almost drowning her voice: "They're a nice quiet lot of boys, though I haven't spoken to any of them." Not everyone, however, could watch without misgivings. Outside Warrington Station, Jimmy Parr, railway porter, said to me: "American town? You might as well say American country. . . . We've given up our independence now. . . ."

With the vast American supply and maintenance depot at Burtonwood a few miles outside the town, the people of Warrington are in fact well placed to appreciate the extent to which this island is becoming a focal point of American world air power. For, with its twenty-five sprawling square miles, its five churches, three cinemas, new court room, its transit hotel, internal bus service, 200-bed fully equipped hospital, its eight doctors, five dentists, and the "Burtonwood Bullets"—crack basket-ball team—the Burtonwood base would today almost qualify as the fiftieth state of the Union, complete down to the sickly sweet whiff of roasting popcorn.

"Waddya walking for, Joe?" shouts a G.I.—and, in fact, at Burtonwood the use of feet except for pushing pedals is all but obsolete. An extraordinary menagerie of vehicles, from boat-like American automobiles to British, French, and German "midgets," moves around from hut to hut and site to site, patiently followed by fleets of police jeeps, handing out "tickets" for "traffic infringements." There is a Beauty Shop, a Washeteria, half a dozen strategically placed red leather and chromium snack bars, baseball diamonds, and a newspaper, the *Burtonwood Beacon* ("Phyllis Stack Gets Two Assistants at Club 59").

Film Set Bar And Ballroom

For the evenings, there is, of course, a "full programme of entertainment," including visits from celebrities like Mischa Auer or Mrs. Roosevelt, and "name bands" in the n.c.o.s' club, which looks like a film set, with its £2,600 ("Stag Only") bar and silk-draped ballroom.

The "chow" is, naturally, "strictly stateside," with "Eggs Any Style" for breakfast, corn-on-the-cob, eight-inch-long steaks, and apple pie for

dinner. But it is in the long, low huts of the Post Exchange that the American cornucopia overflows most dazzlingly. In what amounts to a combined Harrods and Sears Roebuck, the G.I. is offered the world's consumer goods, from a stick of chewing gum to a German Leica camera, a British bicycle ("a landslide business") or a Morris Minor (three-week delivery).

In the cloth shop, among hundreds of patterns and fat rolls of Harris tweeds and gaberdines and worsteds, Mrs. Sefton Gray prepares for the Saturday onslaught—when the G.I.s have drawn their monthly pay. But not all the Cellophane-wrapped suit lengths purchased will become suits. It goes this way: "Fellow gets into a dice game, comes rushing in here with his winnings, see. Says, 'I'll have a roll of that, and that, and that.' He feels great. Comes the middle of the month, he's broke again. He starts to sell off the rolls at a loss. Fellow I know bought fifteen suit-lengths, never managed to get a suit made outa 'em yet. . . ."

By ship into Liverpool, by big-bellied transport planes out of the sky, the essential ingredients of the American way of life pour into Burtonwood: the canned beer, the breakfast cereals, the gum, the eight-division canteen trays, the cigars, the school desks, the snow-white flour, the washing machines and refrigerators (imported free for the top three grades of n.c.o.).

In the maintenance hangars I watched the other side of Burtonwood in operation. Stacking machines chuffed about, pushing bomber engines, sealed up in enormous steel cans. On the engine production line, Sgt. Jerry Sherril, a Texan who now lives in Manchester with his English wife, was installing the electrical conduits on a B-29 engine. "Every guy in the electric shop who wasn't married when he came here is married now," he told me.

On this subject of service in England, the American airmen I met, from General Johnson to the Negro policeman from Palm Beach on the gate at Fairford, spoke with one voice, in tones of obvious sincerity. They like being here. Many are renewing an old acquaintanceship. Others pulled strings to get posted to Britain.

Said Pte. James R. Quartermain, from Bowling Green, Kentucky, as he drove me in his truck down a Gloucestershire lane: "I put in to come

back to England. I'd almost like to stay here till I retire. Almost as good as our blue grass, this," he added, with a wave out of the window.

Sgt. Josiah E. Cook, from North Dakota, agreed emphatically. "I'll get some leave and we'll do a tour of the key cities and historic spots. My wife's just going to love it . . . you know, when people start telling you about these places being five or six hundred years old. Why, I guess in the States they'd have guards on them!"

"Yeah," said Pte. Quartermain, "they'd build another building over 'em, keep the wind and rain off. Comes to that, if the dollar stays at 2.8 to the pound, reckon I'll retire over here, too. I'll go back to the States and get me a nice car; then I'll have my pension, and I'll buy me a pub up in Lancashire somewhere—can't ever lose money with a pub. . . ."

And the private's pension—paid at staff-sergeant rank, the highest rank he has held—is just around £100 a month!

Friends—But A Gulf Remains

The fact is that when an Englishman or any other European goes through the gates of an American base today he enters not just another country, but another world, where hardly anything he has ever known holds good any longer, where sergeant-majors rule with a bottle of Coca-Cola grasped in one hand and a Mars bar in the other, where life is a straightforward and assured affair of bigger and better cars, better cameras with more gadgets, nice homes, refrigerators, fellowship, good guys and no-good guys.

For all the friendly feeling, for all the common language, the gulf is immense. Yet it is these fresh, uncomplicated, likeable young men who hold in their hands today the peace of the world—and peace is indivisible. As in the next few years they pass through this country which they like so well, it is possible that increased skill in the delivery of what a U.S. news magazine calls "the Free World's Sunday Punch" will not be the only gain. Already, at Burtonwood, without too great consternation, some American parents are reporting that their kids are asking for their cokes in what sounds suspiciously like a Lancashire accent.

THE END



Foley screamed: "You're playing some trick. You've got somebody up here waiting for me." Dixon's unfriendly voice gave him no encouragement

SHADOW TARN

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

Without warning, the shadow slipped from behind, swiftly, silently, murderously. Foley had never known such terror

IT TOOK ME YEARS to find out the truth about Shadow Tarn. It gleams peacefully among the fells above Iredale, a fairly shallow pool of about three acres, with a marshy fringe. Unlike most of these West Cumberland fells, the place has a placid, kindly effect, even on a forbidding day. In bright weather, it soaks itself with sunshine. There is nothing near to throw a sizable shadow. In fact, you have to walk for at least twenty minutes along the easy peat-track that leads down to Whitestones Farm in the dale before you get close to a tree, a solitary rowan. So the name, Shadow Tarn, seems rather curious—especially as the ordnance map calls it something else, Ling Tarn.

One fine afternoon in June, when I was up there helping old Leece, of Whitestones, to

gather his Herdwicks for clipping, he told me the story. His voice was low and cautious, his manner almost furtive. Forty years since, he explained, the tenant of Whitestones was an elderly man named Dixon. He had been born there, and after his parents died, ran the small fell-farm without help in the house or on the land. He was quiet and dour, and the only love in him was for Whitestones itself. Those days, the living to be got out of a handful of sheep was a pittance, but he always managed to pay prompt rent to Foley, the owner, who lived down the dale in Iredale Hall.

A fine man, Foley. It was a pity he had only one son, and a feckless lad at that. He was never out and about on the fells like his father. That, people reckoned, was because he had a

weak heart. There were stories that the boy was even afraid to go riding on the flat lands by the coast, not on account of his heart, but because he had no stomach for anything involving risk.

Anyway, old Foley died, and young Foley informed the dale that he had got to put up the estate for auction. "Mind you," he told the tenants, "I'll see you don't come to any harm. There's no demand for these farms. You'll be able to buy them yourselves for a song."

He took pains to explain this to Dixon, actually calling at Whitestones, and reassuring the old man. "I've got to sell, Dixon. Can't help myself. Things are in a tangle. But you'll get this for next to nothing. Won't be any competition at the sale." He glanced around at the squat granite box of a farmhouse and the few little dale fields running down to the banks of the Ire. "What can you go to?"

Dixon said bleakly: "Nay more than four hundred."

"You'll get it for that. Don't you worry." He laughed encouragingly. "Come along to The Fox and have a pint with me."

Dixon went. Afterwards, he felt a shade more cheerful. The idea of having to leave Whitestones had been hanging above him like the threat of doom.

At the auction, Foley's predictions about the properties came true, until Whitestones was put up for sale. A stranger in a dark suit and a stiff white collar bid against Dixon. The price

Continued on page 27

WE'RE THE ONLY COMMUNITY CENTRE in Coventry that's open on Sundays," says William Smith complacently. "Folks criticize us for our unholy Sabbaths, but it's our most popular night. And for the Family Social on the first Sunday in the month, we get the biggest crowd of all." He pushes his trilby to the back of his head and glances with satisfaction round the densely packed hall. Elderly ladies, young matrons, teenagers, middle-aged husbands, children and babies are mixed in happy proximity. Even grandmas and lodgers have been brought along. There is something for everybody at the Family Social.

"Oo, Mum!" exclaims fifteen-year-old Myra Shard. "Look at our dad doing the Boston Twostep with Mrs. Ridd. Isn't he smashing!"

"He always was a good dancer," says Mrs. Pat Shard, laughing. "He used to be a one for the Charleston when he was young." She spins into a waltz with her eldest son Ronald.

When Mrs. Shard tries to count up how many of her relatives belong to Holbrooks Centre, she gives up at twenty-five. Her brother Joe Stamps, a big blond man with a pleasant voice, a carpenter by trade, is tonight's M.C. One of her many brothers-in-law is the redoubtable Albert Shard, who does the monologues.

"You Mind Your Manners"

The children are all on their best behaviour—the boys in stiff tweed suits, the girls in brushed wool jerseys and frilly satin dresses, and the toddlers in snowy socks and clean rompers. "You mind your manners," whispers a tough lad with well-watered hair. "Make a nuisance of yourself and it's the last time I'll bring you." His small sister slides defiantly on the hall's polished floor.

According to the local authority's ruling, children are allowed in the Centre only on special occasions such as this—but the rule takes a good deal of enforcing. Cecil Baylis, the new Warden, does not approve of young children going to sewing classes with their mothers, or larking round the cloakrooms. It isn't fair on people who come to the Centre for peace and quiet. He doesn't really believe in keeping children up late at night at dances.

Baylis finds his time fully occupied. In a Centre with over eight hundred members, open every day, morning, afternoon and evening, with thirty-seven different activities carried on, there are few spare moments for the Warden. Biggest tie is the clerical work. He has not been off the premises for over a week and has been trying to get a haircut for the last fortnight.

Sitters-in Not Wanted

Because he does not see himself in the rôle of baby-minder, Cecil Baylis is making strenuous efforts to get the local authority to provide a playroom and nursery helper. He has already made an attempt at organizing a sitters-in scheme, but the mothers would not hear of it. "Let another woman into my house, snooping in my drawers and cupboards? Not likely," was the reaction.

He is campaigning, too, for a children's playground to be made on some waste land near the school—then perhaps the boys of the neighbourhood will give up playing Indians in the Centre's flower beds and using the grounds as a rubbish heap for broken bottles and old bedsteads. Baylis recently gave some Boy Scouts the job of clearing up. In a few days, they collected more than a ton of scrap iron, three sacks of litter, four lorry tyres and a dead cat.

"There are too many children here tonight," says Fred Roe, an old age pensioner spruced up for the Social, with his best waistcoat worn over a fawn cardigan and a Labour Party badge in his buttonhole. "They aren't supposed to be let in without their parents. If we don't watch out, people dump their kids on us while they go off to the Bantam." He is about to question a

They let themselves go at the family social

by EDWARD HOGARTH

If you want to make quilts, or play whist with no quarter, Holbrooks is the place. It even solves the in-law problem



Musical Knees is right up old Fred Roe's street. Even Joe Stamps's variation does not beat him

tiny boy in long trousers when the M.C. calls him. "Are you ready, Fred? Musical Knees!"

This is right up Mr. Roe's street. He takes his place in the ring of men amid deafening applause. When the music stops, he darts across to a lady, pulls her across the room and sits her on his lap. Is he nippier on his feet than the younger men, or has he acquired the skill born of long practice? Round after round he grabs his lady and avoids elimination.

"Seventy-five if he's a day," says Mrs. Shard in admiration.

Joe Stamps adds a variation. Gents must now pick up their ladies and carry them back to the chairs. There are cries of dismay from the

men and squeals of anticipation from the women. Surely this will beat old Fred? But cunningly he dives for the younger and lighter damsels and remains in the game to the end. Only he and a tall, fair youth remain. Can a good old 'un beat a good young 'un? Not quite. Fred's rival wins the bunch of carrots.

On the ladies' side, his counterpart is Mrs. Shard's mother. She has buried two husbands, brought up five children—and several grandchildren—and worked in business until she was seventy. Her face is as calm and untroubled as a girl's. Whist is her great passion. She never misses a drive on Wednesday evenings. Last autumn she won the gate prize. "There's



Newspapers are issued. For the next half-hour, the kids are kept quiet with a hat-making contest

no nonsense about playing for the love of the game," she declares stoutly. "We play to win. No quarter given. And the prizes are worth taking home."

The grand thing about Holbrooks is that there is always something going on. Drop in on a Tuesday night and you find the lady choristers preparing for the next concert. They are thirty strong, in spite of the shortage of contraltos. On Friday afternoons, Mrs. Day becomes Madam President of the Women's Club, when the ladies enjoy lectures on interior decoration, quiltmaking and fruit canning.

"We had a perming demonstration once," says Mrs. Shard. "I nearly had my hair done for nothing, but I was unlucky. A lady came, too, from a big Coventry store. She told us how to dress and what suited us. We knew already, but we let her get on with it."

Big Event Of The Month

On Friday nights, you hear the Drama Group polishing up Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields*, which will in due course be taken on tour to Cheylesmore, Canley and other Coventry centres. On Saturday nights, there is always an Old Time Dance. You find the Merry-maker's Concert Party hard at it on Sunday afternoon, rehearsing one of their "good, clean shows." And in the evening comes the big event, the Family Social, with games and dancing, a talent competition, the Webberley Trio—disguised as Mexicans—to provide the music, and Our Albert to provide the humour.

"Listen, everybody," says Joe, introducing a youthful juggler who is getting his hand in before facing the more critical outer world. "He's only a learner but he'll be good some day, so if he drops anything you'll have to excuse him."

It's the same with Albert Shard. When he gets tied up in an involved marital joke, the audience helps him out. "You've got it wrong," shouts a voice from the darkness. "It goes like this. . . ."

"Thanks, pal," replies Albert, and puts himself right.

The talent competition runs to a familiar pattern, parents sitting breathless while their youngsters are performing, children doubled up with bashfulness when their mothers or fathers take the stage. A schoolmaster named Locksley from

Broad Heath, the adjudicator, listens intently to the volume of applause and tries to pick the winner.

"Mr. Locksley isn't considered superior to the rest because he's a teacher," says Mr. Smith, watching from the doorway, very tall, very stout, in a vast grey suit, still wearing his hat. "We're all equals here. There is no broad cross-section of income. We're all artisans." He himself is an insurance club collector. "We live in the same kind of houses. We've had the same kind of education. There's nobody who thinks himself better than the rest."

As it happens, the schoolmaster is one of the lowest paid members. Many of the men take home anything from £9 to £15 a week. Some of the factory workers pick up as much as £17, for Coventry is a boom town, with big money to be earned, and the biggest dollar exports of any city in Britain.

Holbrooks lies in the north of Coventry, just outside the industrial belt but not far from the coal pit and the gasholders, a neighbourhood of red brick semi-detached suburban houses in monotonously straight streets, a fourpenny bus journey from the city centre. There are few amenities apart from one cinema, a dog track in Lythall's Lane, a palatial public house on the main road and a smaller local, known as the Bantam.

The centre itself stands in a road of council houses (14s. a week rent and a waiting list of thousands), a haven of cheerfulness and amusement, a refuge for lonely people and one of the best solutions to the in-laws problem.

"It's impossible to over-estimate the effect that the centre has had on people's lives," says William Smith, who watched the place go up, section by section. "I've seen folks undergo a complete change of personality. They begin to accept responsibility. Shy people talk. Aggressive people lose the urge to override others."

Women can come round to the centre alone without feeling conspicuous. Men can call in for a game of darts without any complaints from their good ladies. Elderly widowers can find congenial company. "It's better than sitting at home grieving."

Holbrooks centre was built in 1945, "thanks to the generosity of our friends the American people, who sought to alleviate distress in Great

Britain by the gift of £37,000 to Coventry and other blitzed towns." You can read all about it on an illuminated address in the lounge. From the American war relief fund, three centres were put up in Coventry—at Holbrooks, Pinley and Bell Green.

It did not take the people of Holbrooks long to show their mettle. At the opening meeting the deputy director of education earnestly advised the members to steer clear of religion and politics on the club premises. Within a week they hired out rooms to the Catholic Young Men's Society, the district Labour Party and the Young Conservatives. It was their centre, and they meant to run it according to the needs of the community.

Holbrooks was a "blue print" centre, the first of its kind in Coventry. It proved so successful that other districts began to clamour for community life. Today, Coventry wants twenty-six centres—ambitious even for a city that is used to doing things on a grand scale. But the civic purse is not bottomless. Last year, the Further Education Committee decided to reduce grants made to existing centres.

Culture In Small Doses

Critics of the community centre movement complain that the expenditure of ratepayers' money is not justified unless definite educational and cultural work is carried on. The question then arises as to what is meant by education. "At Holbrooks, education takes place indirectly and informally," says the warden, "through serving on committees and by organizing or merely participating in some sectional activity. We attempt nothing formal."

Generally speaking, the members of most Coventry centres prefer amusement and relaxation to serious talks and class work. They like their culture in small doses. Cecil Baylis, of Holbrooks, is convinced that slowly but surely a taste for the richer and deeper side of life can be developed. But he is finding it uphill work to put his ideas into practice.

According to the Ministry of Education, the aim of community centres is: "To provide men and women with opportunities for developing maturity of outlook and judgment, for increasing the sense of awareness, for helping them to evolve a philosophy of life and to develop interests which will enrich their leisure."

"Fair enough," remarks William Smith. "Holbrooks does all that and more. We brought into the centre the friendliness of the A.R.P. posts, the good comradeship of the war years. We helped one another then and we reckon to help one another now. We've built up a little community of young people and old people working together for the common good, youth with its enthusiasm and age with its wisdom, and at no time is the result seen to better advantage than on Sunday night, once a month, when whole families come along for a happy evening out."

Nobody Wants To Leave

At about half past ten the party begins to break up. Our Albert has been led up the garden path "among the brussels sprouts." The wailing guitars of the Webberley Trio have sent a few tired babies to sleep on their mothers' shoulders. Mrs. Ridd in the kitchen has done record business in hot beverages and lemonade, and has sold ninety packets of crisps.

"You can roll a silver dollar down upon the ground and it will ro-o-oll because it's ro-o-ound," sings the audience softly and drowsily, in no hurry to leave.

And then the parents start to sort out their offspring and button them into winter overcoats. Mrs. Shard collects her husband, mother and children, says goodbye to numerous relatives, and vanishes into the gloom of Masser Road. "Cheerio, Wilf . . . so long, Harry," says William Smith, shaking hands in the lobby with departing guests. "See you Saturday, Steve." And the Family Social is over.

THE END



Renault outside Masuy's flat in Paris. Ground floor room on left was used as torture chamber

Pimpernel who dodged torture

by JEROME WILLIS

The Secret Invasion (2)

From London, de Gaulle's agents are filtering into France. The Resistance is growing and a reign of torture begins to try to smash it. Now the word has gone out: "You must catch Remy." The net is closing

IN THE EARLY DAYS of February, 1941, a stockily built man crossed the drawbridge leading from Brest into the naval dockyard. He was halted by the German sentry at the gate. "Your business, m'sieu?" The stockily built man gave no sign of alarm. In an authoritative voice he demanded: "I want to see Lieutenant-Commander Phillipon."

"Your papers, m'sieu."

The man produced his identity card. The German sentry read: "Gilbert Renault, insurance agent." He compared the photo with the man's face and muttered: "*Passer.*"

Renault passed through the gates. He had never dreamed it would be so easy. He was going to see an old colleague in the French Navy—not, however, to talk about the "good old days." In his hip pocket Renault had a pencilled list of various items of information about

the dockyard wanted by Colonel Passy (real name: Commandant André Dewavrin, chief of de Gaulle's intelligence section in London). In case he was caught and searched, Renault had substituted an insurance term for every naval term used in the questionnaire.

Renault found the commander as he was leaving for his lunch. They went together. During the meal they arranged for the commander to act as Passy's agent in the dockyard. This meeting, also, saw the foundation of a network of agents along the whole of the Atlantic coast. The commander naturally knew a lot of naval radio operators, now demobilized. He supplied the names of those on whom he could rely.

Renault walked out of the gates humming cheerfully to himself. From Brest he went to Nantes. One of the names he had been given was Bernard Anquetil, a radio operator who had been with the commander in his submarine, *Ouessant*, and who was now working in a commercial radio repair shop. He was a thin, bespectacled youngster, barely out of his teens. He blinked at Renault through his spectacles.

"Yes, m'sieu. I will work for you."

"It will be dangerous."

"Yes, I expect so. What do I have to do?"

Renault went down to the unoccupied zone, where a radio transmitter, which had arrived by diplomatic bag, awaited him. He had already spent some six months in France, and had proved one of Colonel Passy's most successful agents. When he had originally presented himself, however, the Passy organization was amazed. Renault, a man in his late thirties, with a wife and four children, had been exempt from service in the French Army. He knew nothing about army life. He had been a film producer.

He Soon Talked His Way In

A film producer wanting to go on a secret mission to France! It seemed incredible. He was shown into Colonel Passy's office. Passy motioned him to a chair and looked at him. He saw a broad-shouldered man with clear-cut features, a square jaw, and hair thinning on top.

"Your rank, m'sieu?"

"I have no rank."

"Your profession in civilian life?"

"Film producer."

"Oh."

Then Renault began to talk. He talked so much that Passy could not get a word in edgewise. In his monologue, Renault ranged over France, mentioning his contacts which started at the Pyrenees and ended at the Channel ports. He talked wittily, smilingly, and overpowered Passy with his conversation. When he stopped for a moment, Passy reflected: Yes, I will take this fellow on. There's something about him.

The same gift of rapid conversation which overwhelmed Passy was later often used to overwhelm German police officials. Only fast thinking saved Renault when he called one day at a friend's office in the Place Vendôme, Paris, and found it occupied by Germans. His first reaction was to withdraw, but, knowing this would seem suspicious, he conquered the impulse and forced a smile.

"Isn't M. — here?"

"No, he's away. You a friend of his?"

"I'm acquainted with him. I collect insurance premiums from his staff."

His identity card was examined and returned.

"You come back this afternoon."

"What time?"

"Four o'clock."

Renault nodded. He was out of the room in a twinkling, took the stairs at full speed, and reached the seclusion of a café in a side street.

From the moment he had arrived in France, Renault's policy was quite different from that of other agents. He did not move secretly about the country, but openly and with the utmost audacity. His adopted profession (insurance agent) provided him with a reason for considerable travel. He still used his own name. When in

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New sight from invisible eyes

by ERIC BENNETT

Sportsmen, and women who want to be beautiful, prefer the freedom of contact lenses. But it meant a fresh life for Richard Parker when he slipped in his seventy-guinea, tailor-made eyes

WHEN RICHARD WILLIAM PARKER was born thirty-eight years ago, the doctor thought he was blind; he could not open his eyes to the light. In fact, Richard Parker was a baby in a billion. He was born without irises—the coloured part of the eye. The iris, by muscular action, controls the amount of light which enters the eye, and without them young Richard Parker spent a tortured and miserable childhood.

He was fitted with tinted spectacles, which did not entirely solve the problem, and at school the use of these glasses made him such a butt that he hid them—and suffered agony. He left school at twelve, and at the age of fifteen, unable to work and feeling himself a burden on his family, he ran away to New York from his native Lancashire.

In the traditional poor man's way, he began by getting a job washing dishes on Broadway. Then he worked in a speakeasy, on Long Island, and later went south to Florida. But the strain on his eyes so affected his whole nervous system that he could not hold any job for long. He suffered from raging headaches, sickness and depression. Yet all the time, whenever he could earn money, he consulted doctors and experimented with tinted lenses in the hope of finding some way of making life bearable.

He stowed away to Australia, where he drifted around for a year without getting a job, and finally made his way back to Britain. By now he was twenty, and he had by courage and common sense discovered how to live fairly normally. He found that he needed a different shade of tint for every variation of day and artificial light. And so he carried around with him half-a-dozen pairs of spectacles which he would whip on and off according to need.

Success After Two Years

Today, however, Richard Parker, successful commercial traveller in Southport, does not wear spectacles. He feels fit, has no headaches or nervous trouble, and bubbles over with good humour.

In November, 1950, Richard Parker began a new life. For, after nearly two years of testing, moulding and fitting, a Harley Street eye surgeon and a London laboratory have made him a pair of contact lenses. On them are painted irises which make his appearance perfectly normal, and the lenses themselves are doing, more efficiently, the work of his half-dozen pairs of spectacles.

Parker's case is the most remarkable example of the results that can be obtained from the modern method of fitting "tailor-made" contact lenses, which are modelled from actual casts of the patient's eyes. Contact lenses, which are specially made spectacle lenses worn on the surface of the eye and, usually, held in place by the eyelids, were formerly fitted by trying out standard models until proper focusing and comfort were obtained.

How An Eyeball Is Measured

Now, thanks to a remarkable moulding material invented in New York, eye surgeons and laboratory experts can actually take a mould of each individual eyeball and so ensure that the surface fitting of the lens is matched to the minutest irregularity of the cornea.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Carline, managing director of the London laboratory, took me to see this moulding operation, which is always performed in the presence of a surgeon or a specially qualified optician. The patient, whose eyes had previously been tested with trial contact lenses, was placed in an adjustable chair with her head well back.

Next a few drops of local anaesthetic were squeezed on to the eye. While it took effect, the operator prepared the white moulding substance by whipping it into the consistency of thick cream. A glass mould, shaped to the eye, but with a hollow stem at the base of its convex



When the cup is removed, it contains a mould of the eye. There is usually no discomfort

curve, was then slid under the patient's eyelids, and the "moldite" was injected into the hollow stem by a syringe.

Within a minute and a half the moldite was set—as firm as the white of a soft-boiled egg, but no firmer. When the glass cup was slid from the eye, it contained a perfect impression of the eyeball. Yet the egg-like substance had put no undue pressure on the patient's tender cornea; neither was there the slightest stickiness or difficulty in removing the cup with the moulded impression in it.

A few drops of fixing solution into the mould and it was ready for its plaster filling. And from the plaster cast, giving the positive, or true convex shape of the eye, the lens maker does his work. All that remained for the patient was to have her eyes washed with a few drops of antiseptic lotion—and she had felt no more discomfort than taking an ordinary eyebath.

The contact lenses finally made for the patient were of unbreakable plastic, which has been found to be optically better than glass, and half the weight. When they are worn the hollows of the lenses are filled with a specially prepared fluid, made up for each individual patient. This, usually a bicarbonate solution, is really a synthetic form of the fluids which normally lubricate the surface of the eye. It not only acts as a pressure screen between the lens and the eyeball, but later fills in any slight scratches made on the lens during use.

"Cosmetic" Lenses For Women

"Contact lenses," says Carline, "will never displace ordinary vision-correcting spectacles—they are not meant to. They have three main functions. The first is to give sight in surgical cases, or in rare instances of eye abnormalities like that of Richard Parker. The second is to provide correcting lenses for those whose work or occupation makes the use of normal spectacles dangerous or impossible. And, thirdly, there are what are known as the 'cosmetic cases,' where women who normally wear spectacles wish to use undetectable lenses at special functions."

One patient who had a contact lens fitting recently was a young factory worker from Oxford. A small piece of metal flew up and lodged in his eye while he was operating a machine. An eye surgeon found that the metal had penetrated beneath the surface, and advised against an immediate operation.

But soon all the young man could see with that eye was the black spot which was embedded in it, and later vision began to fade. A cataract was forming, which meant that the lens that focuses all the light that comes into the eye was becoming opaque. An operation was then performed, and the damaged lens was removed entirely from beneath the surface of the eye. In its place the young worker was fitted with a contact lens on the outside of his eye surface, which does the work once performed by nature. Now his vision is normal and he is back at his job.

Famous Footballer Wears Them

For those whose work or hobby is strenuous sport, contact lenses have solved the problems of short-sightedness and other optical defects. There is at least one famous professional footballer, playing for a First Division club, who has won an international cap since he was fitted with them.

If spectacles are hardly suitable for the rough and tumble of the football field, they are clearly impossible in the swimming bath. But swimmers and water polo players have been able to recover normal sight with contact lenses, which they can wear as easily under water as if they were part of their normal eye structure.

Not everyone can wear these close-fitting lenses. In some people the surface of the eye is so sensitive that they cannot tolerate even the light pressure of the fluid beneath the plastic

"eye." Even those whose eyes can be fitted have to develop a tolerance for them. They start by wearing the lenses for only short periods and then removing them to rest the eye surface. Richard Parker found that after a fortnight he could wear his lenses comfortably for three hours before he had to take them out and relax. Experienced users can keep them in for seven or eight hours at a stretch, but it is normally not advisable to wear them for longer periods. Before the lenses are put on again they are filled with a fresh supply of fluid.

Removed By Rubber Sucker

Removing the lenses is quite a trick. They can be slid out from under the eyelids, or the wearer may use a little rubber sucker which plucks the plastic away. This sucker is essential for taking off the very latest lightweight contact lenses, which are made of extremely thin plastic and are used without any fluid beneath them. They cover little more than the area of the iris of the eye, and they are held to the surface purely by suction.

Contact lenses cannot be made bifocally. They can only give sight or one kind of sight correction. If a man who is wearing them because his natural lens has been removed needs another correction, say for reading, then he will have to wear spectacles as well.

"It is important to remember," says Carline, "that this type of lens can never be a mass-produced or cheap job. Indiscriminate use of them, or bad fitting, would cause damage to the eyes. If ophthalmic surgeons or opticians ever come to regard them as a convenient alternative to spectacles it would be a tragic mistake."

The skill of the fitter in making the mould of the patient's eye is the key to the success of these methods of providing men with new vision. Eye surgeons from all over Britain and the Dominions have come to study the moulding technique at the special clinic.

Normal fittings at the clinic average from about 100 to 130 a month. But sometimes the fitters have odder callers than inquisitive surgeons, or men with no lenses. Recently one was asked to fit contact lenses on a cat. It was not the fad of a pet owner. The operation was required by medical research students making experiments in optics and vision. And, fortunately for the fitter, the cat was a good patient.

They Cost Forty Guineas

Special dollar allocations are allowed to import the patent moldite material, which is supplied by the laboratory to all the fitters in the country. Because of the skill and individual care involved in both fitting and manufacture, contact lenses are not cheap. The usual price for a pair, which should last a lifetime, is forty guineas.

The special lenses made for Richard Parker cost seventy guineas. But here again his story has a happy ending. The day he went to London for his final fitting, Parker told a regular travelling companion on his train that he would not be seeing him next morning. "I'm off to town to collect my contact lenses," he said happily.

The acquaintance was interested, and Parker told him how his lifelong problem had been solved. "It's not cheap, but it's well worth the money," he concluded.

"You should have got it done under the National Health Service," said the other.

"Oh, they would never stand for all that money," answered Parker.

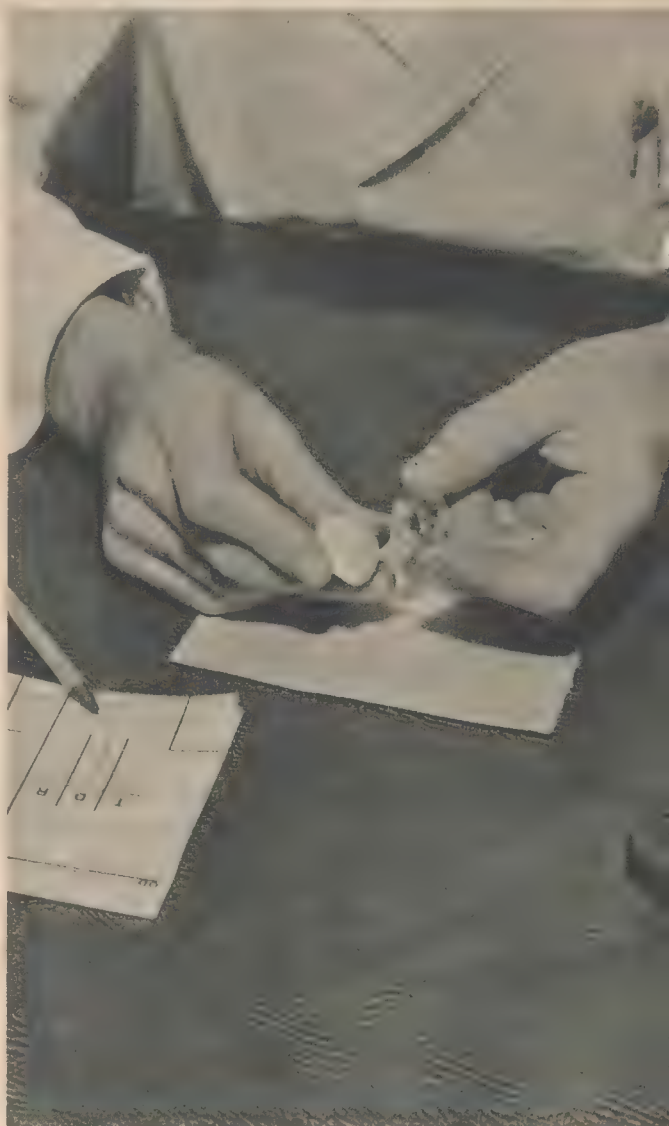
"Nonsense. Yours is a special case. And I happen to be one of the administrative officers in the Service. You had better come and see me when you get back."

And so in the end the National Health Service paid for Richard Parker's contact lenses. But far more important to him, and to many others like him, contact lenses have given a new life of freedom and vision.

THE END



Richard Parker, the man born without irises. Here, he wears a contact lens on his left eye only



A laboratory worker shows a contact lens, and the plaster cast from which it was constructed

The Queen's Chair

How deep was a woman's pride? Should it be allowed to sour two lives?

Bow, the historian, knew the answer to that by **BARRY PEROWNE**



Her lips tightened, and he knew that Ray Hallam was right. But he had to risk it

IT WAS ELEVEN O'CLOCK on a blazing Gibraltar morning. In the Alameda Gardens, Henry Bow, a historian by profession, reclined at ease in a deck-chair under the feathery foliage of a false pepper tree.

He was thirty-six. His legs were long, his ankles showed brown and bony between well-worn grey flannels and a pair of the local sandals, and a pad of pencilled manuscript rested on his knee. He wore a faded old Army shirt, and a felt hat, no less ancient, shaded his thin, tanned face. His grey eyes meditative and humorous, he was watching a squad of tommies, out on the dusty parade ground of the Alameda, sweat out their Naffy break in the strenuous Nemesis of defaulters.

Being here in Gibraltar, where he had been invited to come and lecture in the interests of Army education, brought back memories of his own martial interlude, a good five years ago.

"Slooo pahm!" bawled the wax-moustached C.S.M., his face incandescent in the fierce sunshine. "Moveawryanfreeze, ri—dun! Bleff, kwee—much! Hup, wry—hup, wry—hup, wry..."

The janker wallahs moved off in a cloud of steam, leaving the gardens to half a dozen figures in fatigue denims at work under the palm trees on the other side of the parade ground.

Henry watched the denim-clad group. They had been loading rust-red old Dannert coils on to a Bren-gun carrier. Now that the C.S.M. and his squad had gone, they withdrew discreetly to the far side of the carrier, above which soon drifted up into the sunshine the visible incense of tobacco.

His gaze soon wandered in idle contemplation to Gibraltar Bay. The sea stretched blue and sparkling, dotted with ammunition hulks at anchor. Across the bay, the red, harsh hills of Spain rolled inland under the cloudless sky. On one of those hills, the most prominent, there stood, high up on the summit, a ruined stone tower.

His attention was distracted by a man coming towards him across the glare of the parade ground—a figure in a dark blue beret, a khaki shirt with three stripes on the sleeves, denim slacks

with a web belt and web anklets. It was the young sergeant in charge of the working party with the Bren carrier, and he had a chipped enamel mug in each hand. He was about twenty-four, with a deeply brown, handsome face and dark, fine eyes.

"Good morning, Professor," he said. "We just had a brew-up, and we thought you might care for a mug of tea, day like this."

Bow looked up at him. "I'm not a professor," he said. "Just a lecturer. But if I still qualify for a mug of tea, I accept with gratitude." He reached out a long arm for the mug. "Aren't you the Sergeant Ray Hallam who asked a whole lot of uncomfortably intelligent questions at my lecture the other day?"

The sergeant grinned. "That's it," he said. Henry asked: "Have you been out here long?"

"Eight months," Ray Hallam said. "I signed on as a Regular after the war ended."

"Long enough for you to tell me," said Henry, "if that hill over there in Spain—the hill with the old tower on the summit—is the one they call the Queen's Chair?"

"Yes, that's the one," Ray said, "but I don't know why it's called that."

"You've never heard the legend?" said Henry. "It's rather nice. It dates back to one of the sieges of Gibraltar. It seems Queen Isabella of Spain found her patience exhausted by the way we British hung on here. So she came down from Seville with all her retinue, and to inspire her besieging troops, climbed up the hill there, from where she could cast an ominous eye over to Gibraltar, and took a solemn vow that she'd sit up there till the British flag no longer flew over the Rock."

Henry grinned at the young sergeant's serious interest. "This pepped up the troops," he said, "and some highly contumelious cannonading resulted. But the garrison held fast in its crass British way. It became obvious that Gibraltar wasn't going to fall, and the poor Queen was marooned by her vow, up on top of the hill there.

Luckily, there was chivalry in those days. The British C.O. felt badly about the Queen's predicament, and he ordered the flag lowered for twenty-four hours, so that—although the pikes continued to bristle—the British colours no longer flew over the Rock, and the Queen could come down without breaking her vow."

"So that," Ray Hallam said slowly, "is why the hill's called the Queen's Chair. You know, Professor, I went to school in Spain, but I've never heard that story."

"You wouldn't find it in responsible history books, either Spanish or English. It's just a legend, Ray."

"No," Ray said. "It could have happened—in just that way. It's in the character of some women—the pride, the terrible pride." He glanced with his fine eyes at Henry. "My mother is half English, half Spanish," he said. "She was brought up in Spain. My father was an Englishman, a mining engineer working at Huelva. They got married and went to England to live, and I was born there. I was eight when my mother went back to Spain, to her home just outside Cadiz, and took me with her. And she made just such a vow as you've spoken of. She vowed that never again, so long as she lived, would she set foot on any soil under the British flag. She's kept that vow to this day."

Henry said nothing. He waited. The boy tilted the tea about in his mug, staring down at it.

"You know," he said, "I've never told anyone what I've just told you—except my colonel. He wanted me to put in for a commission, and I had to explain why I felt I'd better not. The reason my mother made that vow was that—a British court hanged my father for murder."

He glanced across at the hill called the Queen's Chair, then looked back at Henry with a slight, deprecatory shrug. "I'm sorry," he said. "That must have sounded hideously melodramatic." Briskly, he added: "Well, if you've finished with that mug, Professor, I must get cracking."

Henry drained the mug, handed it over. "I'll be making a pretence of work here again tomorrow," he said. "That's a hint."

Ray grinned. "I'll remember it when we brew up," he said.

HENRY watched him walk away, carrying the mugs, across the hot dust of the parade ground. Ray called out, and his squad, dropping their cigarette-butts and treading on them, moved into view from behind the Bren carrier parked in the shade of the palm fronds.

The Bren carrier's motor started with a roar, a lash and jingle of tracks, and stopped as abruptly—so abruptly that Henry glanced across at it. It had swivelled round, was half in sun, half in shade, motionless. Two men and the driver were in the carrier. Two men stood unmoving beside it, staring down. All were still, with a strange, unnatural stillness. Then the driver gave a queer, wordless shout and swung out over the side of the carrier. There was a figure pinned under the tracks of the carrier.

The men clustered round, dropping to their knees, hiding the prone figure. But one of them straightened up, holding in his hand a crushed and flattened enamel mug. . . .

As an ex-officer and visiting pundit, Henry

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNNE



Ray said: "A British court hanged my father for murder. That must sound melodramatic"

Bow enjoyed the hospitality of the garrison mess. It was a grim lunch that day.

The colonel broke the silence. "Bow, did you actually see what happened?"

Henry shook his head. "I just missed it. It was so quick. The driver must have started the thing unintentionally, when Hallam was standing right in front of it. The driver apparently tried to slew round to avoid him, but didn't make it."

Henry called at the hospital every day, but it was a week before he was told he could see Hallam.

"How is he?" Henry asked.

"Going to be all right," said the Medical Corps captain. "It'll take time, of course, but he'll be as good as new. I wish I could get him to believe that. He's worrying. I've a feeling there's something nagging at him."

Henry nodded. He had an idea what it was. The captain opened the door of the ward. Along the left-hand side, french windows stood wide open to a balcony and the tops of palm trees showed above the balustrade. Off across the shining bay, the red Spanish hills were dominated by the tower-crowned summit called the Queen's Chair.

RAY's bed, with its fracture harness of weights and pulleys and cages, was on the right of the lofty, sunfilled, flower-bright room. He lay gazing out through the window across from him. He had lost his tan; his face was fine-drawn, extraordinarily good-looking.

"Nice of you to come, Professor," he said. "What happened at the Court of Inquiry? They didn't give the driver a rocket? It was my own darned silly fault."

"No rockets," said Henry. "It was pure accident—sheer bad luck. Fortunately, you're going to be as good as new. It's just a question of patience, now."

Ray said nothing. He lay gazing at the hills of Spain, distant in the sun. Henry braced himself to say what he had to say.

"They tell me," he said at last, "that notification of the casualty, and your location, has gone to your next of kin—your mother."

A stillness came into Ray's face.

Henry said: "I think you told me she lives at Cadiz? That's not far away—a day's run. The notification will take a bit of time to reach her, going round through the usual channels. But I expect you've written to her yourself?"

Ray said abruptly: "No point in it. As far as my mother is concerned, I ceased to exist seven years ago when I joined the British Army."

He was silent for a moment, then he turned his head on the pillow and looked at Henry. "You know why," he said. "I told you. My father killed a woman who was alleged to have been blackmailing him, and they hanged him. That was the memory my mother took back to Spain, where she'd been brought up," he said. "And I told you the vow she made. She was half English herself, but from then on she hated her English blood, and she hated it in me. She tried to bring me up Spanish of the Spanish. My name's Raymond, but she called me Ramón."

He smiled slightly, without mirth. "Somehow, I never was able to feel quite as she did—about my father," he said. "Too young, I suppose. And the law that hangs people seemed to me kind of huge, impersonal, like the mills of God. When the war came I had to get into it. When I was seventeen—1943, that was—I told her I was going to England. I knew what it would mean to her if I put a British uniform on my back, but I had to go. I wrote to her from various places where I was stationed, but I never heard from her. When my release came I decided to stay on in the Army. I knew my mother. I knew she'd sponged me out of her mind. I knew I could do no good by going back."

He looked out at the hills of Spain, heat-shimmering, across the bay. "You can imagine,"



Henry drove past the gate. In a few minutes she would see her son. It was a moment he dreaded

he said. "It's been impossible here, not to—keep thinking about her, so close, over there at Cadiz. Now, lying here, looking through that damned window, across at those Spanish hills—lying here for months, maybe, nothing to do except think—" His hands gripped the sheets. "Professor, I'll go stark, raving mad."

Here was the core of his trouble, as Henry had suspected. He said quietly: "Ever been to see her since you—came so close?"

"Would you," Ray said bitterly, "in my shoes, knowing that vow she is keeping—would you have let her know you were in the British Army, in Gibraltar of all places?"

Meditatively, Henry rolled one of his shapeless cigarettes. "You want to make peace with her, don't you?" he said. "You've wanted it for a long time. Has it occurred to you that she may have felt the need to make peace with you? Do you really believe that, when she knows you're lying here, she won't come to you?"

"You don't know her," Ray said. "Nothing would make her set foot on British soil again."

As he walked down the hospital steps, Henry turned suddenly and looked across towards Spain—towards the hill called the Queen's Chair. It always had been his belief, as a historian, that to find the answer to any human problem you had only to look back into history. The answer to this one was staring him in the face.

It so happened that the colonel didn't dine in the mess that night, and Henry was glad. The colonel was the only other man on the Rock who knew that Sergeant Ray Hallam's father had died on the gallows. He might have wondered as to the purport of the questions Henry asked at dinner, of a major of the judge-advocate-general's branch, about murder cases in which belated evidence had shown men to have been wrongfully condemned. . . .

It was with a feeling of doubt, a constant temptation to turn back, that Henry drove his dusty, battered car next morning into Spain. He knew that his idea, this thing that he himself planned to do, might prove a kind thing or it might, in the outcome, prove a bitterly cruel one.

Towards four o'clock that afternoon he was approaching Cadiz. He had obtained the address of Ray Hallam's mother from the adjutant. Her name was given, in Ray's documents, as Sra. Dña. Elena Hallam.

Henry found the house without difficulty. It was about two miles from the city—a long, low, white house lying back behind tall railings in need of paint. A wide gateway with an arch of flaking adobe gave on to a flagstoned courtyard.

Sitting in his car, looking in at that courtyard, Henry thought: Drive on. Spend the night in Cadiz, and go back. You can't do this. But in his mind was the thought of the injured boy lying in Gibraltar, looking across at the hill called the Queen's Chair—torturing himself. . . .

Reluctantly he got out of the car and walked

in slowly under the arch. A woman appeared at the door of the house carrying a watering-can. She checked, looking at him, and her fine, dark eyes—young Hallam's eyes—told Henry at once who she was.

He removed his hat. "Señora Hallam?"

"Sí, señor."

She was a tall woman, slender and straight. Her face was ivory pale; her brows strongly marked; her dark, neat hair was greying a little.

"My name," Henry said, "is Bow. I've come up here from Gibraltar to see you."

"From Gibraltar?"

Just wherein lay the change of her expression—it wasn't a tightening of the lips or hardening of the eyes—Henry didn't know, but it was there. He felt it as a summoning of some deep reserve of strength in her, of resistance—and he felt its force. He knew now that Ray had been right about her. He knew that to ask this woman to set foot on British territory, to see her son, would be to meet a flat refusal.

He said: "I am a lawyer. I was called yesterday to the Military Hospital, in Gibraltar, by your son, Ray Hallam. You may have been notified that he has met with an injury?"

She nodded, without change of expression.

"He wished to know," Henry said carefully, "whether, if new evidence were produced, any provision existed for the review of the case of a man executed for murder sixteen years ago."

She hadn't expected that. He saw the change in her expression, her quickened breathing. He knew that he might be bringing upon himself the hatred and contempt of both mother and son. He had to risk it.

"I was able to advise your son," he said, "that such provision existed, that even in the gravest circumstances the law could admit error in the face of new evidence. Your son wishes to reopen the case, but he says he can give his information only to you, and it's for you to decide if the evidence should be put forward."

THE woman stood still, her eyes fixed on him. "I'm spending the night in Cadiz," Henry said, "returning to Gibraltar tomorrow. Assuming that you will naturally wish to go further into a matter which appears to hold out some hope of clearing your husband's name, I shall be glad to drive you to Gibraltar to see your son. I'll call for you at nine in the morning."

He turned and walked away across the courtyard and got into the car. He dared not look back at the woman.

By holding out a hope of clearing her husband's name, he had done the only thing which might bring her to Gibraltar. He had, in effect, lowered the flag for her, as, long ago, a general had lowered it to release another woman from her vow. Would the end justify the means?

Next morning, when Henry Bow drove out under the arch of the old city wall, he cursed the peculiarity of his mind which, measuring present quandaries always in terms of analogies from the past, had led him into his deception. He would

have given much to be able to undo what he had done. But, as soon as he pulled up outside Señora Hallam's house, he saw that there could be no undoing it. She was waiting for him in the arched gateway. A slender, tall figure in a white suit, with a black lace veil over her hair for travelling, she stooped to pick up a small suitcase beside her. She came forward, and Henry opened the car door.

He said "Good morning," and she paused, looking at him for a moment with a curious intensity. Then she inclined her head in a slight bow and got in beside him.

Henry tried to make conversation as he drove, but her replies were brief. He gave it up after a while. The journey seemed interminable to him, until after they had stopped for lunch at a wayside *venta*. Then suddenly the road seemed to him not long enough. He dreaded the hour of arrival, wanted to hold it off—the hour when this woman and her son must meet, when she would say: "What have you to tell me of your father?"

Henry drew up at the Gibraltar gate. A customs man, cool in khaki drill and pith helmet, and a stout policeman, sweating in blue serge exactly like a London bobby's, examined their papers. The policeman slapped the door of the car cheerfully. "Carry on, sir."

Henry drove straight to the Military Hospital. "I'll wait for you here," he said, "in case I can be of any use."

She walked up the steps into the hospital. He wanted to go, then, and never know the outcome of this meeting he had contrived. But he was not a moral coward. What he had done, he had done; he must face the result.

HE paced up and down, rolling and smoking cigarettes. At the end of half an hour he began to hope. At least they must be talking. But of what? And in what terms?

He looked at his watch again. Three-quarters of an hour. He glanced towards the hospital door—and saw her. She came down the steps and Henry opened the car door. He was sweating. His lips felt stiff.

"Where would you like me to take you?" he said.

She looked at him directly. Still her face was drained of all colour, yet there was a difference. It was in her eyes—a composure, a calmness of the spirit, which had not been there before.

She said: "To an hotel, please—Professor Bow."

His heart thumped, slow and heavy. "Not a professor," he said, "just a lecturer."

"In history, I understand," she said, "not in law."

She said no more till they reached the Hotel Bristol, a few minutes away. She got out there, and Henry, carrying her small suitcase, walked with her to the foot of the hotel steps. He had to speak. He said: "It's—come out all right, Mrs. Hallam—hasn't it?"

She paused, linking the fingers of her hands tightly together at the level of her breast. After a moment, she said, not looking at him: "I love my son, Professor Bow. But I was living in the past. I was trapped in it. It killed all reality for me—until you brought me here."

She glanced at him with a faint smile. "I came here with you hoping for a triumph that could only have been empty and cold. Instead, you gave me the feeling I had as I saw the look in my son's eyes when he watched me walking towards him down that ward. I wish you could know. . . ." She broke off, drew in her breath. "No matter. What could the past give me, beside what you've given me—a new present and a new future?"

She took the suitcase from his hand, and he watched her walk up the steps into the hotel. He glanced, then, across the bay at the hill crowned by the ruined tower. It stood in dark silhouette against the sky. The Queen's Chair. He shook his head, and smiled. What could the past give her? People oughtn't to ask questions like that. Not of a historian.

THE END



In his Ayr ballroom, Forte greets the Cahill sisters from Ardrossan, nineteen miles away. Blonde Margaret Morton, of Mossblown, comes five miles

Blithe spirit of the dance halls

by *MELVIN DUNN*

It's the publicity stunts he can think up that make the name of a ballroom manager. Bruno Forte has quite a flair for them

SHORTLY AFTER TWO O'CLOCK in the morning a Glasgow surgeon was awakened by the shrilling of his telephone. Expecting an urgent call to the hospital, he picked up the receiver. "Good morning, sir," said a friendly voice, "this is the manager of your local ballroom. A radio set will be delivered to your house this afternoon. Good night." The surgeon thought it was either a dream or a practical joke—until the radio arrived.

The caller was Bruno Forte, a thirty-four year old, soft-spoken, unassuming, Irish-born ballroom manager. As a publicity stunt for a Midnight Matinée session, he had rigged up a telephone on the bandstand. At two o'clock in the morning, patrons picked out numbers from the directory and Forte rang up the selected subscribers. If they didn't answer in thirty-five seconds he rang off and called another number.

Casting himself in the rôle of a telephone fairy godmother is just one of the scores of stunts that

publicity-conscious Bruno Forte has dreamed up to boost his ballroom. With forty-three letters after his name—all dancing honours—he is probably the most highly qualified manager in the world.

Man Behind The Dance Festivals

An enthusiastic exponent of modern ballroom and Latin American dancing, Forte has run more contests than any other Scottish promoter. He organized the first dancing festivals at Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow and, recently, Ayr. Backed by Edmundo Ros, the band leader, he is now planning a Rhumba Rally Night, the first of its kind in the country.

A large measure of Forte's success is due to his unerring flair for publicity. Among many stage and screen stars he has presented to his patrons have been Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Anna Neagle, Kieron Moore, Duke Ellington and the Nicholas Brothers. He once

booked a hypnotist who made a girl dance the Highland Fling in her bare feet while everyone else was doing a waltz.

On another occasion he handed out to dancers hundreds of specially printed postcards addressed to the ballroom and franked with imitation stamps. A few days later a G.P.O. official called to ask why large numbers of postcards had been sent round the country with fake stamps. Some of his patrons had changed the original address and sent them on to friends.

For one of his stunts in Glasgow he hired two Nigerian boys and a llama. Dressed in tropical kit, the two led the animal down Sauchiehall Street on their way from the station. After stopping to buy an ice-cream for their charge, they arrived at the ballroom, where they were met by big-game hunter Captain Bruno Forte himself. Then a Rolls-Royce drew up with the guest of honour—a page-boy dressed as a chimpanzee.

Another time, a procession of forty-five carried a coffin through the streets of Edinburgh. It bore the inscription: "Old Man Gloom is dead. Celebrate tonight at the Palais." To control the crowds, Forte had one of his staff dressed as a policeman. A real policeman called later.

Nor was this the only time that the police took an official interest in Forte's stunts. He was once refused permission for a poster parade along Princes Street, Edinburgh. Forte got round the ban by sending two of his staff along Princes Street with a twenty-foot banner. They were taking it to the printer to get the colours changed. Afterwards, they carried it all the way back again.

That the police had a sense of humour was shown by the farewell letter sent by the superintendent when Forte moved to Glasgow after two years' riotous residence in the capital. "Dear Mr. Forte," it began, "It was with mixed



A prize the Pirate couldn't hold

The bloodthirsty buccaneer with all his weapons was quite defenceless where his teeth were concerned. Macleans Peroxide Solid Dentifrice had not been invented in his day. And there were no dentists to tell him how important it was to use this very good dentifrice for cleaning his teeth night and morning. *But we know better, don't we?*

Arm yourself to the teeth with....



The **BIG**, long-lasting favourite in the New Tin... **9d.**



extra
cream

LACTA Full Cream Sweetened Condensed Milk is called **SPECIAL** because extra cream has been added... Unsurpassed for all household purposes where milk and sugar are needed and excellent for the feeding of babies.

LACTA Special

Full Cream CONDENSED MILK

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE

feelings of regret and pleasure that I learned of your transfer to Glasgow... But please accept my sincere thanks for your courtesy and help to the police during your sojourn in Edinburgh."

In private life, Forte has no trouble with the police. He neither smokes nor drinks, prefers water to tea, has a huge appetite for meat and chocolate, and specializes in cooking Continental dishes. He is seldom still, sleeping about five hours nightly, and exercising with dumb-bells and expanders in the small hours. He has a library of nearly a thousand books, has studied the supernatural and yoga, and practises ju-jitsu. In addition, he plays the piano, drums, violin and the theatre organ. For the past few months he has been studying French and Spanish.

Boy Who Dodged School

His zest for knowledge is probably due to the fact that, as a boy in Ireland, he never had proper schooling. Since the Fortes had relatives in England, young Bruno suggested he should be educated there. Through his father, who owned a chain of cafés, he got to know the skipper of an Ireland to England steamer and went to sea. For a whole year, the Irish education authorities—and his parents—believed that Master Bruno was being educated in England, where the authorities held the belief that he was at school in Ireland.

At fifteen Bruno got his first dancing job. As a "pullarounder," with lessons in return for his services, he guided gormless pupils round an uneven floor. Soon he graduated to the teaching staff, and in 1935 opened his own studio. Feeling the need for a change, he and his wife, Margaret, took a teaching job in an Edinburgh ballroom for a pound a week, plus commission. They worked so hard that the management could not afford to keep them on this basis. The result was that Forte became the assistant manager and his wife the cashier. Since then, he has been three times round the country with the same circuit.

He and his wife have given hundreds of demonstrations throughout the British Isles. They have put on shows in factories and even in a warship. Meanwhile, Forte has moved up into the top class of managers. In 1940 he received the coveted Manager's Diploma of Merit and a £100 appreciation cheque from his chief. In one week he earned more than £150, with special bonuses for record attendances.

Would Not Leave Scotland

Just over a year ago, his employer wanted him to take over one of the company's London dance halls. Forte refused. He preferred to stay in Scotland, where he had earned the title of "Scottish showman with an Irish accent." Parting company with his chief, he became manager of a palais in Ayr, on the west coast of Scotland.

The first thing he did was to stop all jitterbugging in the ballroom. To avoid ill-feeling he invited the leading exponent into his office to discuss the matter. "I don't want to spoil your fun," he said, "but I can't allow any more jitterbugging." The young jiver argued. Forte explained that it was not fair to the other patrons in a crowded palais. He pleaded so effectively that the jiver became a ballroom-dancing enthusiast a few weeks later, and soon afterwards started a Forte fan club which enrolled a hundred members in the first month. Now Forte is planning outings for his fan club to

watch the leading ballroom dancing championships.

Being a ballroom manager, however, is not all fun. Forte's working day begins around eleven in the morning and goes on until after midnight. In some halls, he has run Midnight Matinees and Cinema Balls till 4 a.m. There is also a large staff to handle. At Edinburgh, for instance, he had over a hundred supervisors, attendants, usherettes, waitresses, cleaners and electricians.

A ballroom manager has also to understand P.A.Y.E., insurance and how to keep up with the latest regulations. Fire precautions are an important item. One night during the war, Forte decided to test the efficiency of the four full-time firemen on his staff. He worked trick lighting on the stage, sounded the alarm and shouted "Fire" at the top of his voice. He was soon silenced with the contents of an extinguisher.

Facing A Wedding Crisis

There was also an occasion when Forte persuaded a minister to change his mind. Everything had been prepared for a wedding in the palais. The young couple had been well rehearsed. The Caledonian Girls' Pipe Band was booked. A newsreel company had already set up cameras and lights. From the canopy in Sauchiehall Street to a fountain in the foyer, the ballroom was ablaze with flowers. Then, at eight o'clock on the eve of the wedding, Forte's phone rang. It was the minister. "I'm not going through with it," he said.

Forte dived into a taxi and raced to the manse, collecting the couple on the way. A desperate trio confronted the minister. "But you promised to perform the ceremony," argued Forte. "And you can't let us down," pleaded the couple.

"I'll think it over and let you know in the morning," was the minister's final reply. Next morning he phoned Bruno again. "As I'd already promised, I'll keep my word. But there must be no publicity." That last sentence provided Forte with one of the most shattering moments that he can recall. THE END

NOW YOU KNOW



SOME experts say that a baby's teeth should be cleaned as soon as they appear, and recommend rubbing them with a clean piece of smooth cloth. Later, when the molars come along, a small soft toothbrush can be used, brushing the teeth with water with a little sodium bicarbonate added.

Others say it's no use brushing the teeth until a child is two or over—he'll only raise the roof if you try. But all agree on one thing. Give a child a piece of apple to chew and it will clean the teeth as well as a brush.

ALAN FAIRFAX, former Australia cricketer who has often faced the full leather-lunged blast from Sydney's famous Hill, tells of "Skonk" Hatfield . . .

SYDNEY

HAROLD HATFIELD is a white-haired, tough-looking fifty-seven year old veteran of the first World War. He can be drawn into talking about the gas attacks at Loos before the invention of the gas mask; about the kindness of the people of Reading, where he spent months convalescing; about barmaids and barmen; and a little about football. But most of all he likes to talk about cricket—red-blooded, argumentative talk, for he is the uncrowned king of the barrackers, the noisy inhabitants of Sydney Hill, where there is probably generated more leather-lunged wit, more friendliness, more outspoken comment, and sometimes more rage, than in any other comparable space in the world.

It is on the Hill that the true Australian lovers of cricket and cricketers gather to comment, argue and offer advice which is always given free, noisily and impartially. The phenomenon is one which Englishmen can scarcely imagine. I know from my own experience the startling difference between Sydney and Lord's, for I have opened the innings at both. At Sydney, as the balls are bowled, there is a hubbub of conversation, and after each ball a loud discussion or a cheer for a good ball or a flashing stroke. At Lord's the silence can almost be felt.

Star Players Are His Friends

Harold Hatfield symbolizes the human element in the difference between those two cricket worlds. He is one of the most knowledgeable men on cricket that I have ever spoken to, and many of the greatest players are his friends.

In his youth he also found time to play. It is because most of the barrackers know cricket from personal experience that their criticisms are so devastating, picturesque and to the point. "Fetch a bag." "You'll never get 'em out—fetch a fire brigade." These now familiar comments were first yelled from Sydney Hill. "Turn yer back on the scoreboard so you won't see yer figures" is another stock piece of advice to the unsuccessful bowler. Once, when I was fielding in the slips and dropping catches galore, I was told to "Go away and take yer stays off."

The Hill knows Harold Hatfield as "Skonk"—a corruption of "Scaler," which he won in boyhood through his prowess in jumping neighbours' fences. Skonk has several claims to fame on the Hill. He says he was the first to introduce the habit of offering hot and dusty outfielders a swig of beer when there is a lull in the game.

"Patsy Hendren, the most lovable cricketer ever to come to Australia," says Skonk, "was fielding near the pickets by the Hill, and there was a fight going on at the time. I admit being the cause of the trouble because of my ability to flick a missile from behind my back without anybody knowing where it comes from. Anyway, it was very hot at the time and, when Patsy turned round to have a peep at the rumpus, I asked him very politely: 'Excuse me, Mr. Hendren, would you care for a bottle of beer?'—beer being 6d. a bottle in those days. Patsy kindly accepted my offer, drank the beer, and returned the bottle complete with stopper."

Batsman Who Answered Back

Hendren was an idol of the Hill, because he understood the barrackers and often matched his wit with theirs. "How d'yer get in the team, Patsy?" they would yell. "For yer good looks?" Patsy would grin, bide his time, and come back with an answer that would make the Hill roar.

At other times, the roars would not be so friendly. Still remembered is the wild demonstration in a 1903 Test when the umpire, the late Bob Crackett, declared Clem Hill run out. Jardine, Voce and Larwood were many times "counted out" during the "body-line" tour. Yet

the Hillites are no partisans; they cheer and hoot according to taste and mood. During that same tour, Larwood (now himself living in Sydney) got the greatest ovation any player had—for his performance as a batsman. Patsy Hendren, of course, received a presentation from the Hill. And for Jack Hobbs, who used to waggle his bat at them like a tolerant father to his children, they collected £50.

The perfect Hillite requires a sharp wit, a complete repertoire of the old gags, a sense of timing up to the standard of a music hall artist, and, of course, a memory. He brings his own tucker of sandwiches and prawns, and at least one bottle of beer. He selects his spot, removes his coat, pulls his wide-brimmed hat deeper over his eyes, and looks round for his first victim. And if there is nothing doing on the field, there is always the Hill itself.

"For instance," recalls Skonk with a light of satisfaction in his eyes, "there was a sailor who kept up a running commentary which disturbed the boys. He didn't know the difference between an off-break and an off-licence. So eventually I flicked with my back flipper a small sandbag which hit him flush on his pretty white cap. He looked around to see who had done

it and hit the man immediately behind him. This led to a free-for-all for a time, and somebody set light to my coat. To make matters worse they put it out with my bottle of beer."

When I was sitting with Skonk and his court during the M.C.C. match against New South Wales, there was a bad case of misfielding. "Stick a pin in 'im to see if 'e's awake," went up the shout. The Hill just will not tolerate slovenly fielding. Then a fielder tried to stop the ball with his foot. "No—that won't do," shouted Skonk. "Your feet aren't big enough—get yer hands to it."

Skonk has definite ideas about the present M.C.C. team. "Give 'em," he says, "plenty of work, and then more work, and feed 'em on good tucker, which they've been missing at home since the war. It isn't a mug's team by any means, with players like Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Doug Wright and Alec Bedser; but they seem to be in need of a bit more life.

"See what I mean?" he added, as Hutton drove Lindwall brilliantly through the covers. "They're no mugs. But they want tucker."

To emphasize his point, he fished in his bag and produced a four-decker ham sandwich. "This is the life," he said.

THE END



When the Sydney Test opens this week, "Skonk" will be sitting on the Hill—awaiting a victim



I opened my mouth
to scream!



... when I saw my poor
saucepan. But the sight of
Vim cheered me.



You should have seen that burnt
blackness slide away with Vim's
smoother, faster touch!

For smoother, faster cleaning

Brighter Wives insist on



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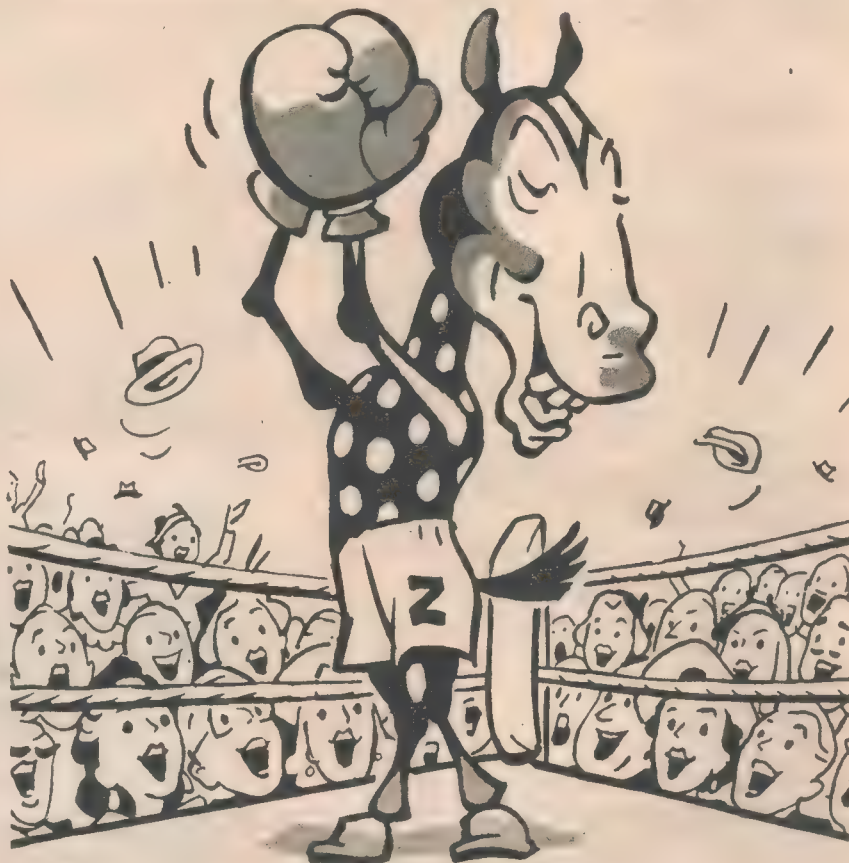
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... that such good companions are
always ready for a walk or a game
whenever there's a chance. Happily
occupied in the fresh air with a dog
to join in the fun, children are
seldom bored or fretful. But should
some minor upset put them out of
sorts, then Mother naturally turns to
'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse
the system, restore regularity, bright
eyes and sunny nature. This kindly,
pleasant laxative contains extracts of
senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable
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'California Syrup of Figs'
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If you shout yourself hoarse-
go suck a **ZUBE**

Zubes Cough Mixture contain-
ing the famous Zubes ingredi-
ents, 1/6d. and 2/9d. a bottle.

4½d. an oz. loose! 7½d. & 1/2d. tins

I'll Never
Forget Last
Monday!



Sid and I had arranged a night out,
but I woke up with a nasty headache
and felt a cold coming on.



I thought I should never be able to go.
Before I was half way through my
washing I felt "washed out" myself.



Then I remembered your tip and
bought some "YEAST-VITE" Tablets
and took two right away. When Sid
came home my headache had gone.



My cold was giving way too, and I
felt tons better. We had our night out
after all, thanks to "YEAST-VITE."



When Headaches, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills or
Rheumatic Twinges trouble you, take YEAST-VITE
"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets at once. They quickly relieve pain,
help to reduce fever AND, due to their valuable Vitamin B₁
and Caffeine content, this relief is followed by tonic stimulus.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets. Price 1/6 and 3/8.

Relieves Your Pain & Bucks You Up!

"YEAST-VITE" is a registered Trade Mark

THE DESPERATE WOMAN

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

SOMEWHERE IN BERLIN, Simeon Vernon, an escaped prisoner from Felseck prison in the American Zone of Germany, waited for his sweetheart, Anne Thiolat. Anne was to bring Valentin Slada, a man whose evidence could prove that Simeon had been wrongly convicted of murder.

But, unknown to him, Slada was dead, run over by an underground train. And Anne, arriving at Slada's flat, found herself facing a barrage of police questions. She came through the ordeal. She was free to go—but not free to see Simeon. Police were following her.

The story had started when, during the war, they were in a German concentration camp together. Escaping, they had changed their names and French nationality. Simeon Vernon became Simeon Rodasky, a Pole. Then he was recaptured, sent to work in a slave labour camp, and lost touch with Anne.

At the liberation, he joined a gang of ex-camp inmates, led by Paul Jablonsky. Simeon worshipped Paul, and when, after Paul had murdered an American soldier, he told Simeon that he had seen Anne recaptured and shot by the Germans, Simeon felt he had nothing to live for. Confessing to the murder, he received a life sentence.

When, five years after the war, Anne, helped by Robert Sawyer, a British intelligence officer attached to the U.S. forces, eventually found him, Simeon knew that Paul lied. He escaped from prison to find Paul and the three other members of the gang who knew the truth.

Mink, the mercenary young mistress of Valentin Slada, alias Winter, answered a Press advertisement, and Anne, bribing her, managed to get the key of the flat. Simeon had called on Slada, who lyingly told him he would give evidence after seeing his lawyer.

Instead, he went to see Paul Jablonsky, who, after having his face remade by plastic surgery, now called himself Friedrich Fliege. Slada, now that Simeon had found him, was a dangerous man, Fliege realized. He knew what to do about that.

PART 5

This Man Is Wanted

IT was a surprisingly mild night for October, and the *Caffee Reiman* on the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin was crowded. Simeon sat waiting. He had come at a quarter to eight, allowing Anne and Slada sufficient time to get there before him and he had mingled with the crowd on the pavement instead of waiting inside the restaurant where the lights reached into the farthest corner. Out here, where it was almost dark, he sat unnoticed.

He could not remember ever having been so impatient and excited. For a while he tried to recall other periods in his life, tense moments like this when his throat had gone dry and his jaw begun to hurt. But in memory, pain or fear are never so sharp and penetrating again. Whatever he had lived through seemed strangely remote compared with this hour.

After ten minutes, he forced himself to concentrate on his surroundings. There were fewer uniforms than he had expected and greater tidiness than he had thought possible in a city which was crowded with refugees from Eastern Germany and had lost almost sixty per cent of its housing facilities. The men, on the whole, looked better groomed than the women, but then, fashion did not affect a man's suit the way it could make a faded, dated dress look pathetic.

At eight fifteen a suffocating tension gripped

Robert had warned her that Simeon, on the run, might turn into a killer. Were his words now coming true?



When Fliege looked at Anne again, he knew that he had seen her before. Mink called: "Meet my friend, Mademoiselle Thiolat." Then he knew

him. Why weren't they there? What could have happened? Had Slada changed his mind? Was Anne at this moment still trying to make him come with her? When he thought of this, Simeon realized that, since he had left Slada, he had convinced himself everything would be all right, had taken for granted that Valentin would be willing to act as his witness. Absent-mindedly, he picked up his paper, but it was much too dark to read, and he dropped it again.

At eight thirty he could sit still no longer. He left some money on the table, got up and began walking to pass the time.

It was ten to nine when he came back to the café. Why wasn't Anne at least, there? Anne, who knew that he couldn't afford to be seen anywhere for too long a time. His old table in the dark corner was taken, and he dared not go inside.

At nine thirty, he began to panic. Slada must have betrayed him. The police had arrested Anne.

Every second once more began to matter vitally. If Slada had betrayed him, the Berlin police knew by now what he looked like, that he wore a grey suit, a grey hat, a brown raincoat and brown shoes. An alarm might already have been broadcast, but the newspapers would carry his description and picture only in the morning. No shops were open. He could not buy anything, and the clothes Anne had bought in Munich were in the furnished room he had found in the French sector. This was his last chance to get them, his only chance to move out officially without causing suspicion.

He took the underground, and finally a taxi, to Tegel and, after reconnoitring carefully for a few minutes, entered the house. He packed his bag, found his landlady and told her that he had been lucky enough to run into friends who would put him up and that mail should be forwarded to him at the main post office.

In a subway toilet he changed into working clothes, looked at his map of Berlin and decided to try to hide out somewhere in the British sector. He had no idea how and where he could best spend the night, whether he should risk sleeping in the open or hide in the ruins.

He drifted across the unknown city, leaving everything to chance, as he knew he must, yet the awareness that every policeman, every patrol might already have been alerted pricked his skin like a thousand needles. At some time or other he lost his direction and found himself walking along a canal.

In a wilderness of débris, some time later, he found an old man living in a cellar. The old man let him sleep the night, but the next morning, Simeon vanished. He could not spend more than a night anywhere now. He was on the run.

ANNE lay motionless, her heart jumping in her throat, and listened. The tapping noise came again, but it did not come from the window. Someone was knocking gently at the door. She switched off the light, tiptoed across the floor and noiselessly turned the handle. In the dark she saw Simeon slip past her and move over to the window. And while she carefully, slowly, turned the key, he lifted the curtain a bit and let it fall back again.

"It's all right," he whispered. "He hasn't moved."

She went up to him and put her head on his shoulder and his hand

touched her face, "I came in the back way, through an open window. Anne, what happened?"

The police had kept Slada's death out of the papers, hoping Simeon might come, at one time or other, to the Winter apartment. Her lips went dry. "He betrayed you."

"I know, I know." Even whispering she could hear the impatience in his voice. "I saw my picture in the paper, asking the public to help arrest me. But why? Did you see him. Did you talk to him? What does he have to say?"

She didn't know how to tell him and then, because it was so hard yet had to be told, said simply, quickly, "He is dead."

"Dead?"

"He was dead when I got there. He fell under a subway train, about an hour before the appointment. The place was swarming with police. They questioned me. They suspect me of helping you. Since then I've been watched constantly."

She heard him walk away and

end. She interrupted him, putting her arms around him. "What can you do? You're forgetting that a whole city is looking for you."

"I'll find a way."

"Simeon, Simeon," she said softly. "Do you know what it means to sit here and wait, and wait, and never know what is happening to you?"

He looked at her then and saw how pale her face was, how enormous her eyes had become in these last days of strain and tension.

"There will be flowers for you, whatever I can find. When they are red, it means that I must see you, and how many there are will tell you the number of subway stations away from the one nearest you, going west."

She rose, searched for her bag, came back to him and gave him the money she had taken from it. Then she went to the window and peered out. Now she knew why she had mistaken his tap on the door for a tap against the window. It was raining. Across the street, in the entrance of

said. "I didn't know you could lie so well."

She went across the room and leaned against the stove as if in need of its warmth. "What makes you say that, Bob?"

"Oh, stop pretending. Unless you'd given him money and helped him in God knows what other ways, he wouldn't be in Berlin. He couldn't have got this far. He would have been caught long ago. That morning in Munich, when I hurried to you because I thought you needed help and you pretended to have been out shopping, that was when you saw him and brought him money and clothes. And you only followed my advice and went back to Paris because that suited your own plans best. How you fooled me!"

She opened her eyes. "Yes," she said. "I fooled you. Do you know why? Do you know why I could fool you? Because you have never loved. You think you have, but you haven't. Until now you have always only fallen in love. And that isn't the same thing. Not at all. Love is more than a personal desire. It's a whole life dedicated to one person, never mind his shortcomings, never mind the odds. It's a world you create. It has its heavens and hells, yes—but there is no other world. Of course, I lied. How could you expect me not to?"

ROBERT SAWYER rose from his chair, went over to the window and stood with his back turned to her white, passionate face. "I should hand you over."

Anne left her place at the stove and came over to stand beside him. And as she crossed the room she touched a small chipped vase which held half a dozen dark red carnations. The carnations had come yesterday and for almost twenty-four hours she had tried to shake off the man who was watching her, and she had not been able to.

"Valentin Slada Winter, as you probably know, is dead," she said. "He didn't fall accidentally under a train. He was pushed. He was murdered."

"There's no reason to suspect he was murdered unless Rodasky killed him."

"It wouldn't be very wise to kill one's witness, would it?"

"A man who is desperate is not always wise. How do you know that Rodasky hadn't seen Valentin before you arrived? Or met him and had reason to believe he wouldn't act as a witness, and tried to convince him, and when Slada said no, or threatened to call the police, pushed him off the platform?"

Anne made an immense effort to control herself. "Bob," she said, "let's assume that I am right and Slada was murdered by a third person, somebody who was afraid Slada might get involved and turn against him. Why, in heaven's name, must you hunt Simeon when it should be your duty to find Slada's murderer?"

"I am not hunting Simeon," he said impatiently. "That's the police's job." He looked at her seriously. "Anne, keep out of this. It's bad enough that you're tied up with Rodasky. You're already his accomplice. But if it is true that he was condemned innocently to a crime one of the others committed—well, even fairly decent people can turn into criminals if they have to protect their own skin. Then you, too. . . ."

But she didn't listen. The red carnations on the table suddenly looked like blood. "Bob," she said,

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JOHN BULL begins exclusive serial publication next week of *They Came to Baghdad*, a brilliantly original new thriller by Agatha Christie.

There are surprises in this book—apart from the surprises readers expect from Britain's leading mystery writer—for it shows a radical departure in the author's style. Victoria Jones, the girl who can't help lying, is something new in Christie heroines—and so are her adventures, some hilarious, some thrilling, behind the scenes of a Big Power conference.

They Came to Baghdad, Agatha Christie's fifty-first book, is a sparkling, exciting piece of work. Don't miss the first long instalment . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

then, because the springs creaked, knew he had sat down on her bed. The room was so still, it seemed as if he had stopped breathing. After a minute she left her place at the window and knelt down beside the bed, her hands groping in the darkness for his face. But she only touched the back of his head and knew then why he had buried his face in the pillow.

"Once," she whispered, "you asked me to promise you not to despair. The day they killed my mother, and I didn't want to live any longer."

Simeon turned, stretched out his arms and drew her close. "There was hope then. There's no hope now. All we will ever have is this moment. I'll never be able to share your life, to hold you close again, to kiss you. Oh, Anne, there's no hope for me and none for you so long as you continue to love me."

"But there is," she said. "There is."

He stroked her hair as if she were a little girl talking sweet nonsense to a grown-up. She shook herself free. "I don't think Slada's death was accidental. I think he must have told one of the others. They're here, Simeon, I'm convinced of it, here in Berlin."

Simeon sat up. "If Slada was murdered, if his death was no accident, if Red or Paul or Anton are prepared to go that far to protect themselves. . . ." Anne didn't give him time to pursue his thought to the

a house, she saw by the light of a street lantern the shadow of a man, his shoulders hunched.

"He's still there," she whispered, "and it's raining."

"It's all right," he said. "We've lived through other storms."

"It's only midnight," she said, "and it won't be light before five."

"Wake me at three o'clock sharp."

A second later she heard his breathing become regular, and listened to it, not knowing that she was smiling with happiness to have him safe and asleep for a few hours. Quietly she sat at the foot of the bed, guarding his sleep. Once or twice, when she lighted a cigarette, she could see how exhausted he looked, how hollow his cheeks had grown, and she wanted to throw herself down next to him and hold him, but did not dare disturb him.

Long after he had slipped out of her room, Anne lay awake, unable to find sleep. His body had left the faintest trace of warmth. So long as she felt it, he still seemed to be there, but when it was gone there was nothing left but the sound of rain thrashing against the window panes.

SHE had refused to meet Sawyer at his lodgings, and when he had suggested that she come to his office, she had said no, she preferred to see him at her pension.

She looked pale and sick, but Robert was too angry to be concerned about her. "So you lied," he



"make that man go away out there. You can get him called off."

Slowly Sawyer crushed his cigarette. "If I had my way I would rush you out of Berlin on the fastest plane, car or train," he said. "Berlin is the most dangerous ground to cover, even for experienced people, and you are only a girl in love. Unfortunately, however, you are a French citizen, and Colonel Bertrand is an old fool. I'll never help you get rid of your guard. On the contrary, if I could, I'd double it."

SIMEON slipped down the roof of the New Gadgets Factory. It was a small, old-fashioned building, and its chimney had not been too hard to clean.

As he reached the edge of the roof he saw the workers lolling against the wall of the little courtyard, eating sandwiches and drinking from vacuum flasks or enamel pots. It was lunch hour.

He took the iron hooks off his shoes and gathered together his gear: a ladder, the brooms, a pail, the weights and his sweep's top hat.

He made his way to the entrance. "Any stoves?" he asked the girl who was sitting at a table below a staircase that led up to the first floor.

"Oh, a sweep," the girl said. "Let me touch you for luck. Herr Winter's stove smokes."

"Herr Winter, the boss?"

She nodded. "He's away on a trip," she said, "so you can take your time. Third door to the right."

He went up the stairs. So Winter's employees hadn't been told of his death. Did the police expect him to come here asking for Slada? For a moment he hesitated, looking down along the banister, past the girl, at the doors which opened out into the basement. Then he went on quickly, through the door at his right.

It was a small office. A desk, a swivel-chair behind it, two armchairs in a corner with a table between them. A hat rack, a wall lined with glass bookcases, green curtains and, behind a screen, a wash-basin.

He went over to the chipped tile stove, opened it, put down his gear,

took his black cotton gloves off and tip-toed back to the desk. Beside the telephone lay a leather-bound pad. He opened it. Each day was marked, except for the last few, but he couldn't find anything of interest. Then he discovered that one side of the writing table served as a file case. He opened it and went through some of the letters, heard steps outside, closed it and went back to the stove. A second later the door opened and he heard a man's heavy step behind him. He didn't turn round. The steps stopped, a chair was moved and, without speaking, the man sat down behind the desk.

Simeon took out an inner pipe, took it apart and cleaned it, put it back again and, all the time he was busy with work of which he knew so little, he felt himself being watched. He could tell by the way the man breathed: too regularly, too heavily. He turned to steal a quick glance at the desk, and saw the man's hand before he saw his face. It rested very quietly on the edge of the desk and held a revolver. It was a huge hand and two fingers were missing. Anton, he thought, Anton Woicz. He lost those fingers in the mine. Simeon tried to ignore the hand, the revolver. He put the grate inside the stove and rose, and as he rose, Anton's voice said quietly: "Don't move."

Then Simeon looked up and into Anton's eyes and shook his head. "You don't have to be afraid of me."

"But I am," said Anton softly. "Very afraid. I watched you speak to the girl. I knew you had come to look for me."

Simeon didn't answer. He had not expected to find Anton, least of all to find him at Valentin's factory, but it was better to let the other man believe he had come for this purpose.

"It was your voice that gave you away," Anton said. "But I have been expecting you."

"I didn't come to revenge myself," said Simeon. "I made the break for one reason only: to find a witness for my innocence. Put that thing down, Anton."

"Witness?" said Anton. "You

want me to give testimony that you were sick that night and not even near the depot?"

"That's all. If you—"

"No, no," said Anton. "I can't do that without denouncing Paul. I have a wife and two children, Simeon. I worked hard. We lost everything we had in Prague. We had to start from the bottom, and it wasn't easy. The children were sick, so was my wife. I cannot get involved in this."

"But you can tell the truth. We can be witnesses for each other. We can say that Paul did it and leave it to the police to find him. Don't you see, Anton, that unless you help me you're committing murder as much as anyone does who kills someone outright? You simply bury me alive."

"I've never been a courageous man," said Anton. "Go away, Simeon, and leave me alone."

"Of what are you afraid?"

Anton moved his head slowly and looked up. His big blue eyes were sad. "Of the others."

"Of Paul?"

"Of Paul and Red and Valentin." Simeon stared at the big square figure behind the desk. Didn't even Anton know Slada was dead? There he sat in Slada's office as if he belonged here.

"Where can I find them?"

"That I will not tell you. And what good would it do you? They would have you arrested before you had a chance to open your mouth."

"Where can I find them?" Simeon asked again. He moved forward, and Anton slowly lifted the gun. Simeon drew back.

"If there wasn't someone I loved, Anton," he said, slowly, "I'd kill you."

"I know," said Anton. "That's why I've got this gun."

He watched Simeon pick up his tools and go past him, out through the door, and he listened to Simeon's steps as he went down the stairs. Then he walked over to the window, looked out on to the street and waited till Simeon appeared and rounded a corner. Then, only then, did he put down his gun and wipe his forehead, sighing heavily.

THE TUB in the American sector was a nightclub where one could find all sorts of people, and now, since the members of the occupation forces were allowed to frequent German restaurants, all nationalities, too. Before the war, the Femina had been a place every stranger in Berlin had to visit at least once.

Then there had been a number printed in huge letters on every table, and it had not been uncommon to bring an opera glass, for there had been a telephone on every table, too. One had only to dial the table whose occupant attracted one most. The telephones were gone and parts of the building were no longer open, but the atmosphere somehow, miraculously, had remained the same. As if to make up for the loss of the attractions upstairs, a night show had been added downstairs, in the bar, The Tub.

Anne sat at a corner table with Mink, who, surprisingly, had lost all distrust once she had been told about Mademoiselle Thiolat's relationship to the man the police were hunting. With that, Anne had come down to Mink's level, had been accepted in Mink's world, and just as fast as she had lost prestige, she had gained Mink's pity and confidence.

Anne's eyes wandered about the scene and Mink, following her glance,

prattled on. "Valentin wouldn't ever take me out. He said he loved his home and didn't want to be tired for work next morning. He certainly loved his factory, and he worked hard, but then he had to. He had to pay back Fliege."

Mink didn't know that it was to meet Fliege that Anne was making the rounds of the night clubs with her. For the last three evenings now she had sat up all hours with Mink in one night club after the other in the hope of running into him. Tonight Mink had suggested The Tub because, so she said, everybody with money to spare ended up there on Saturday nights, if only for half an hour.

Suddenly Mink's chatter stopped. She grasped Anne's arm. "There. Isn't he handsome?"

Anne saw a man in his early forties standing at the entrance. He was accompanied by an attractive, red-headed girl. A head waiter rushed over to greet him and pointed to a table across the room, obviously reserved for him, but he shook his head.

"Look at her," said Mink, her voice quite shrill. "Look at the dress. I bet it's a Paris model. He goes to Paris often. And those white foxes. Why can't I be that lucky? You know, once a year he throws a big party. My girl friend took me once. That's how I met Valentin. Of course, I thought Valentin had much more money. But he wasn't Fliege's friend, just. . . ."

WEAVING with the red-head through the narrow space between the crowded tables, Fliege looked up and saw Anne. Charming, he thought. Quite charming. He smiled.

"He smiled at me," Mink whispered excitedly. "Do you think he recognized me?"

The man had dark hair with streaks of grey at the temples and very deep brown eyes. His smile lit up his whole face, giving it a quality of warmth and charm.

"After all, I was in his house, his guest," said Mink. "And—who knows?—maybe he will help me a little now that Valentin's dead. Herr Fliege, Herr Fliege," she called without warning, waving gaily.

Fliege stopped. Now, when he saw Anne closer, he had the strange feeling that somewhere, somehow, he had met her before.

"I am Mink, remember me?" Mink cried, her arm still raised in the motion of waving. "Come and meet my friend, Mademoiselle Thiolat!"

Thiolat. The name was like a tiny wave lapping at his memory. Then, unexpectedly, the wave grew big, until it was like the sound of heavy breakers pounding on a beach. Thiolat. Thiolat. Thiolat. And then he had it. A photograph, a snapshot, a young man's confidences. . . .

What was she doing in Berlin? Rodasky and she in Berlin at the same time? That was no coincidence. Had she found out about him? How much did she know? And why hadn't Slada told him that she was here, too? Or hadn't Slada known?

His companion was tugging at his sleeve, but Paul had always faced a situation. He bowed. "May we really share your table? Ours seems to have been taken." He introduced the red-haired beauty as "Helene," and held the chair for her. Helene was bad-tempered, but he could not worry about that now.

"French?" he said, and sat down next to Anne.

"Yes," said Anne. "But I speak

This England . . .



Ingleborough, Yorks

THE weather-lore of the people has centuries of experience behind it, though perforce it is but local — just as Authority's decree is general. The sunrise tells much, strong colours, high dawns or over-much clarity portending rain or storm. As do indeed the movements of the beasts — do they not say that madly-squeaking swine can "see the wind"? For the townsman there is chimney smoke that plunges back to earth, old Fido's sluggishness, the unusual range of distant bells, or the clarity of stars seen over-night. And if, despite all, the rain should catch you summer-clad, or sudden sun parboil you in your cautious coat, you can call for Bass or Worthington, to save or soothe. For these, too, are come by centuries of observation of man's need — in every aspect that our climate wears.

German." He replied "*Et je parle votre langue.*" And inexplicably there was something comforting in hearing her own language in this foreign atmosphere, and Anne smiled.

Mink said excitedly: "I know what you are thinking, Herr Fliege. You think I shouldn't be here, not so shortly after Valentin's death. You've heard, I suppose, haven't you? And I wouldn't have come, but my friend here, she kept telling me I've got to stop crying. She made me dress up and go out."

Fliege bent towards Mink. "I am dreadfully sorry. I heard about it only yesterday. I meant to call you and ask if you were all right. If there's anything I can do..."

"Let's dance, Fritz," said Helene, and rose.

Anne watched Fliege take Helene in his arms and saw how the girl pressed close to him, speaking quickly and angrily.

When Fliege and Helene returned, the waiter brought champagne in a cooler. The band struck up again, a Viennese waltz, and Anne felt Fliege's hand on her arm.

"You look as if you could waltz. Let's try."

"I'd rather not."

The hand very gently moved along her arm and took her cigarette from her fingers. "I always thought Frenchwomen were generous."

She rose. For a while they danced silently and when he spoke they were at the far end of the floor. "That little Mink and you—I've never seen two girls more different. You're not really friends, are you?"

"She is such a child," Anne said. "One would think life would have taught her a lot, but all she learned was that good times are rare and to make the best of them."

"You are living in Berlin?"

"For a little while."

"You look so sad, mademoiselle. So serious. What is it that can make a beautiful young girl so sad?"

"Life is sad," said Anne, "and Mink is quite right."

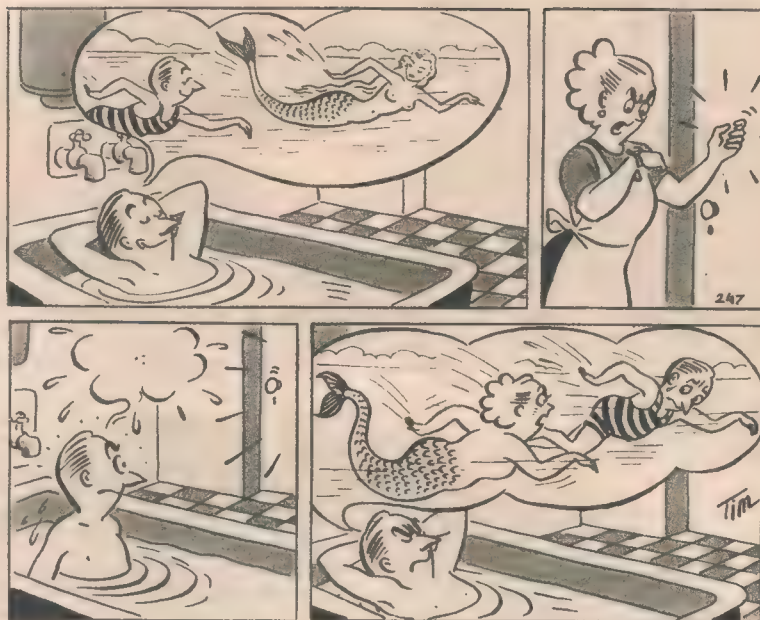
"But the same means don't work for both of you. A night club, champagne and an expensive dress wouldn't help you forget."

ANNE didn't answer. She listened to the soft, warm voice speaking French with almost no accent. It was madness to think that this man should have known Slada in any more intimate way than as a business acquaintance, just as Mink had said. She had wasted time wanting to convince herself.

"Or is it perhaps that Herr

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Winter's sudden death was a greater shock to you than to our little friend?"

"I didn't know him well." Her eyes carefully examined his. "Did you?"

He shook his head. "I helped him financially. It's my job, you know, financing small businesses which I think sound. He was a very cautious, reliable, industrious chap. I'm sorry he died. His factory was just beginning to be successful."

Again they danced silently; still her body was tense and stiff, as if it was only with great effort that she was able to dance at all. "Relax," he said into her ear. "Nothing is quite that bad, mademoiselle."

"I'm spoiling your evening. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have danced."

"Now, look here." There was authority in his voice. "Don't talk nonsense. You are not spoiling my evening and, of course, you should have danced with me. I only asked you in order to have a chance to talk to you."

They went back to their table and Fliege told a joke which made Mink cry with laughter. He wanted to dance with Mink, yet didn't quite dare to ask her in Anne's presence, but, watching Mink, he knew that he wouldn't have much trouble finding out where and when she had met Anne.

He is kind, thought Anne, and he sounds sincere. But does he know anything about Slada's private

affairs? Is he the kind of person who would question a man coming to him with a business proposal about his private life? Suddenly she wished he would ask her to dance again, but Helene said sharply: "It's boring here, tonight. Please take me home."

SIMEON came to the pension still in the disguise of a chimney-sweep. He walked past Anne and knelt in front of the stove without her recognizing him: It was when he said over his shoulder: "Sorry to disturb you, but it won't take long, Fräulein," that she swung round and stared at him. She stared at him for a long time without being able to grasp that he was really there. Then suddenly a great weakness seized her and she sank into a chair.

"Anne. I have found Anton." He stuck the wires and the brush so violently into the stove pipe that a cloud of soot shot out of the opening. "He's a foreman working for Slada under the name of Peter Martens. Anne, he won't act. He said so, clearly and honestly. He's got a family and a job he likes. And he's afraid. There is only one person he can be afraid of: Paul."

Steps outside the door. He stopped abruptly. The maid came in, looked at the mess on the floor and threw up her hands. "Who in the world is going to clean up after you?"

"I will," said Simeon, "if you're a good girl and get me a cup of coffee."

The maid went out. With a great

effort Anne found words. "What happened?"

Rapidly, Simeon gave a description of his meeting with Anton. "And he meant it. He meant every word. It's no use trying to convince him, because he would only call the police and swear that with his own eyes he saw me shoot the American."

She put her fingers to her lips. The maid was coming back and Simeon rose and took the cup of steaming-hot coffee from her. The maid went.

Anne sat very still, watching Simeon drink his coffee in great gulps. There was something reckless about him, the assurance with which he moved, the way he talked without lowering his voice, and the way he had joked with the maid.

He put down his cup. "You must go, and see Anton. At heart he's a good fellow; only he's a coward. He doesn't suspect you. Make friends with his wife or his children. Perhaps they'll tell you where I can find Paul. Someone must know where he is, under what name he's living. . . . Meet me the day after tomorrow at the Lutzowplatz. Walk past the rows of booths there until you come to a ruin. . . ."

Anne looked at his face, unrecognizable under the soot, a black face in which the lips made a narrow, red line. Suddenly it seemed to vanish and instead of Simeon she saw Bob Sawyer saying angrily, impatiently: "Even fairly decent men can turn into criminals when they have to protect their own skin."

"Simeon," she said suddenly. "I'm frightened."

"You choose a fine moment to get frightened."

"I am afraid," she said, "that you'll be killed, murdered like Slada. And afraid," she added under her breath, "that you might kill."

"I am a man without rights," he said again. "I never knew before that that could be worse than death. But if I am condemned to stay dead, I might as well—"

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't, Simeon," and stopped because the maid was there again, knocking at the door. "Come and have a look at the kitchen stove," the maid said. "Cook says it hasn't worked since she came here."

Without looking back, he went out, and Anne stayed in her room, waiting for him to return. About twenty minutes later she heard a high whistle from outside and saw Simeon walk past the plain clothes man, the wire coil swinging from his shoulder in the rhythm of his stride. He was whistling.

To be concluded next week

SHADOW TARN

Continued from page 10

rose and rose, topped the four hundred, and the old man was forced to sit there, dumb and glowering, while his beloved farm was snatched out of his hands.

Foley came along to him with consoling words. "I'm sorry about this. But you'll be all right." He was shocked into scared silence by the look on Dixon's face. The pale blue eyes had the glitter of ice.

Dixon's thumb jerked in the direction of the stranger. His thick, strong fingers were working. "Ah'd like to take you by throat and—"

"Now, listen. That's not the way to talk. That man's a solicitor from Preston. You can bet he's bought your place as an investment, that's all. He'll let you stay on, I'm sure of it."

Dixon said nothing. Words were never much in his line. Foley patted

his shoulder. "It'll be just the same, only you'll be paying the rent to this solicitor instead of my late father. You'll see."

For a short while his predictions proved right. Then two things happened. Dixon received the statutory notice to quit, and George Sim, his nearest neighbour, had to make that rare adventure, a trip out of the dale, to see a relative at Preston.

For the next few days Dixon went about in grey silence. Nobody dared to speak to him. It was not until Sim returned that any voice was heard in the flagged kitchen at Whitestones.

On the way back, in the train, while he was half dozing in the compartment, two business men had got in at a local station near Preston. Sim had heard the word Iredale mentioned, and after that he had listened carefully to their talk. One of them, it appeared, was a builder, who had

submitted an estimate to erect a fishing hotel at a place called Whitestones, in Iredale. The people behind the idea were a syndicate, and the chairman a man named Foley.

At that last bit of information, Dixon made a strange, thin sound.

"Ah," said Sim, banging his fist on the kitchen table. "Foley! The snake! The vermin on airth!"

Dixon nodded. His lips were a pale line.

"Reckon he were afraid to come out wi' the truth in first place," went on Sim. "Nay wonder he's been up the dale a gey lot lately. I've seen him in Fox more than once wi' strangers. Yon pools is full o' salmon in season, and you can bet he reckons a fishing hotel 'ud bring him in a gey lot o' money."

"Ay," said Dixon, in a sort of cold whisper.

"When he finds out that you know—" He broke off and

Dixon made a queer, slow remark. "He won't find out till I'm ready to tell him. Keep your mouth shut, George."

Sim glanced at him, puzzled. "Right. But what can you do?"

Dixon gave him a smile that might have meant anything. A fortnight passed before Sim realized what that smile had really meant, and then he was wise enough to continue to keep his mouth shut for a long time. . . .

With clumsy and groping effort, Dixon wrote a letter to Foley. He merely said that he was wanting to send a letter to the Preston solicitor, and would be glad if Foley could help him to word it. Could he come along to Whitestones on Friday night, about eight? Foley, suspecting nothing, sent back a short note, promising to turn up.

Just after eight, on that velvety autumn night, with the hunter's moon nearly at the full and throwing

the fells into black outline against the dark lilac of the sky, he arrived at Whitestones. Dixon was standing at the stockyard gate, his elbows on the top bar.

"Lovely night," said Foley.

"Ay." Dixon jerked his thumb at the farmhouse and spoke with a quietness that took Foley off his guard. "You think the place would make a good hotel for fishin'?"

For seconds that unexpected remark took Foley's breath away. His pink and white face turned sickly. The bluff he attempted was a miserable failure.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"You know."

FOLEY was frightened, frightened of something he sensed in the old man's stillness. "You must be mad," he said shakily.

Dixon said: "You've been a dirty liar." He looked very big in the moonlight.

Foley began to back away. He wished someone would come along the narrow dale road. That was unlikely. Whitestones was the last farm, and half a mile beyond it the road petered out into a pony track over the pass. The next farm down the dale was nearly a mile. The feeling of lonely isolation and what it implied brought slime to his throat.

"Look here, Dixon—"

"You listen. We're going for a walk up the fell."

"I'm doing nothing of the sort!"

"Nay?"

"Don't you touch me!" said Foley shrilly, "or—"

Dixon laughed, and the sound held no laughter. "Or you'll tell police? If I'm to lose Whitestones, that won't matter. There'll be nowt to matter. But I'll nay touch you," he added, "if you come up fell."

"Why should I?" demanded Foley in a panic. "What's the idea?"

"You'll see."

Foley hesitated. Dixon might be mad. In that case, it was best to humour him. At any rate, Dixon had promised not to touch him, and he was a man of his word.

Prickling with vague alarm, Foley walked along with him to the start of that peat-track. They climbed up that graded ascent, flanked by boulders and patches of dying bracken. The brilliance of the moon picked out every detail in the dale below, so that it might have been a beautiful toy lit by candle-light. But Foley was aware of no beauty. Fear plodded with him up the slope, an intangible fear made worse by the utter silence of Dixon.

The dale grew more remote, and they reached the curve of the track where the fell-breast levelled out towards the distant shallow basin of Ling Tarn. And still Dixon stayed dumb. Foley would have talked if he could have managed it, but he had no breath left for words.

On the level stretch, across sphagnum moss and bents and sparse, peaty soil pitted with stones, the bursting sensation in his lungs gradually grew less.

"Dixon, what have you brought me up here for?"

Dixon looked at him, and said nothing. They were passing the flat shimmer of Ling Tarn. Far ahead the peaks were fretted ebony against the sky, with the bright moon high beyond them. To Foley, the unreal loveliness of the scene was horrible.

As they came to the cluster of boulders a hundred yards beyond the end of the tarn, Foley screwed up the kind of courage that a man

can sometimes squeeze out of fright. His face was blue-ish, his voice jerky. "I'm coming no farther."

Dixon spoke at last, with a gentleness that made things worse. "Nay? Then you can go back."

"Why did you bring me up here? Why? There must be some reason!" Without knowing it, Foley was almost screaming.

Dixon said: "You'll see."

Foley jerked away from him. "You promised not to touch me! You swore it!"

"Ay. I'd nay lay a finger on such a dirty liar. I'm going." Dixon turned away and started to walk with his slow stride along a sheep-trod that led away from the tarn, towards the steep descent of the crags that served as a short cut to the dale.

Foley stared after him. "I can't go back that way. It's too steep for me. You know that."

Dixon stopped and looked round. "I'm nay asking you. You can go back by peat-track." He moved on, and vanished among the small, knobbly hummocks.

Foley was left alone. In the instant he was certain that some trap awaited him. He screamed out: "You're playing some trick! You've got somebody up here, waiting for me to..."

Dixon's voice came back. "Are you scared o' sheep and rabbits? Go back by peat-track. What do you fear? Moon's behind. Watch your shadow. So long as there's only one shadow, there can't be owt wrong." Then he was gone.

SWEAT was in Foley's hair. His taut nerves shrank from something unknown and abominable. He started to walk very fast along the peat-track, and the strong moon sent his magnified shadow ahead of him. He watched it with staring eyes, while he listened for sounds, scrapings, rustlings, furtive noises that might give him a second of warning. He looked over the left shoulder, the right. Nothing behind him but the spreading fells and the brilliant moon. He kept glancing at the flanking brackens, trying to pierce the tangle of them and glimpse what might be lurking beneath. All these movements had to be made with desperate speed, because he was afraid to leave unwatched that solitary shadow gliding ahead of him.

He was whimpering with hysteria and the thudding of his heart threatened to choke him. Dixon hadn't brought him up on this hushed, whispering fell for nothing. Of course he hadn't. Somewhere there was something—

He had just passed the dale end of Ling Tarn. Without any warning a second shadow raced up from behind. His lips parted in a sucking whistle of final terror. He half-turned, and went blue-grey, and clutched at himself, and collapsed.

Four days later they found a verdict of Natural Causes. He was known, of course, to have suffered from a weak heart. It was known, too, that that particular night had been warm and fine and moonlit, and a young man might well have elected to go for a short stroll on the fells. Possibly the strain of ascending eight hundred feet had aggravated the condition of the heart.

What the coroner did not know was a fact never mentioned by the folk of the upper dale. When the moon is in a certain quarter, Ling or Shadow Tarn picks up the light in such a fashion that it acts as a mirror. If a man is passing it on his way to the dale, it throws a second shadow of him for a space. **THE END**

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore



WHY WE SAY

GLAMOUR

TO say that a girl has glamour is a two-handed compliment. In Icelandic folk-lore a *glamr* is a ghost which lays a charm on the eyes. This charm causes the beholder to see things differently from what they really are!

"Glamour" is also believed to have sprung from our own obsolete word "gramarye," meaning magic. And what is glamour but magic—magic any girl can make? "A touch of powder, a dab of paint, makes a girl what she ain't."

THE SECRET INVASION

Continued from page 13

Paris he dined in the best restaurants, especially Pruniers, near the Madeleine, much patronized by high German officers. He reasoned that the very fact that one dined at Pruniers suggested that one was a collaborator and therefore above suspicion. He enlisted the manager as one of his co-agents.

Unlike most agents from London, Renault had his wife and four small children with him in France. He kept moving them from one place to another, as local suspicions were aroused. Sometimes they were deep in the south of France; sometimes in Brittany. While Gilbert was coding messages for London upstairs, Madame Renault would be feeding the baby downstairs.

Saved By A Rag-picker

At first his biggest difficulty was transmission and he had to take his one radio transmitter all over France. Once when the police were on his track he deposited the transmitter with the concierge of a Paris apartment. The latter hid it in the cellar. The Gestapo then put guards at the front door, and on every floor in the building. A friend of Renault's came up the street with his barrow, chanting the rag-picker's cry of the Paris streets. The "rag-picker" stopped outside the house where Renault's apartment was, and knocked at the concierge's porch.

"Any rags, bones, bottles—"

Once inside the porch he closed one eye, and gave the V sign. "A little parcel M. Renault left," he whispered. The concierge understood.

"Come into the yard," he said in a loud voice. "I have some old stuff for you there."

The "ragman" followed him, and was soon pushing his barrow, with Renault's transmitter hidden in it under mildewed bones and rags, past the German sentry.

But tragedy followed rapidly on success. A week later the first radio operator Renault had recruited, Bernard Anquetil, was caught in the act of transmission. Very soon he was to die before a firing squad. In spite of such early reverses, Renault gradually built up his network

into one of the most comprehensive in France. Here and there arrests were made, but he was always rapidly on the spot, covering up, dispatching agents to different places, changing codes, laying false trails in case an arrested man talked.

The régime of torture had begun by now. Agents were no longer to be given the privilege of trial and a clean death by firing squad. Something different was being designed for them: an effective means of loosening tongues. To combat this, agents leaving London were given a tiny pill of cyanide of potassium. This deadliest of poisons, killing in a few seconds, was to provide for desperate moments.

London had now decided to land planes in the occupied zone. Renault found a field near Rouen which would provide a landing and taking-off place for a Lysander. The operation was tested and it was proved that the plane could land, discharge its cargo, take on more and be airborne again within five minutes. After this the service became a regular one during the moon phases.

Family Smuggled Out

Gradually and inexorably, however, the Gestapo was closing in on him. This insurance inspector who was seen so frequently in different parts of France was suspect. Strangers speaking French with thick, guttural accents began to call on his relatives, who vowed they had not seen him for months. He began to fear for the safety of his wife and children and finally decided they would have to go to England.

One midsummer night the whole family was hidden aboard a Breton fishing boat. Just as the German customs came on board to examine the boat prior to departure, his youngest child, still in its mother's arms down in the hold, started to cry. One of the crew, hearing it, made furious noises with chains on deck until the Germans departed.

Renault stayed in England only long enough to install his family and to receive further instructions. A political phase had now entered his work. He was to make contact with various French political personalities. Where possible he was to bring them back to London. He set

off again for France, this time by Lysander, and landed safely at the field near Rouen. He had changed his appearance and wore thick glasses, and his identity card described him as "Georges Roulier, professor of languages." His network now extended from Le Havre to St. Jean de Luz on the Franco-Spanish frontier. Meanwhile, another more sinister organization was training special people to deal with it.

The chiefs of the Abwehr, the normal counter-espionage system of the Wehrmacht, realized that they had an unusual problem in Occupied France. They thought out a new system of counter-espionage in which local talent could be recruited and high rewards could be offered.

Funds were to be supplied by the black market. While the Germans outwardly maintained a rigid control over rationed goods, they secretly encouraged black market purchases. They set up a number of purchasing commissions, whose outward object was to supply the Wehrmacht with whatever it needed.

They were prepared to pay large sums for these goods, but since these came out of Vichy's war debt to Germany, it did not matter. What *did* matter greatly was that the chiefs of these "purchasing commissions" had to give one essential undertaking before they got the job. Their licence depended on the number of patriots they delivered to the Gestapo every month. How they accomplished this was their own business.

Recruiting In The Jails

The chiefs of these purchasing commissions would naturally be very important people for the Gestapo. They opened the jails in search of likely candidates. In a Paris prison they found a Belgian, Christian Masuy, who had already helped the Germans by telling them, from behind the Belgian lines, what defences there were on the Albert Canal. Masuy had been found out and arrested, but the defeat of the Belgian Army saved him from execution.

Gestapo officials were overjoyed to find an old friend. Already a trained spy, he knew the activities of spies, the methods they employed in their secret work and how best to detect them. He was an ideal chief for one of the purchasing commissions. Masuy was taken from jail and nominated chief of the bureau for the purchasing of wool, cotton and coffee. He was promised an income of a million and a half francs monthly.

Flushed with success at his new venture, he sent for his wife and

three children, who were in hiding in Spain. He furnished a beautiful house in Neuilly-sur-Seine, one of Paris's most chic suburbs. He was careful, however, to rent the house in a false name. In Neuilly he was just a successful man who "did something in the city." In Paris he was something very different.

He then leased four flats in different districts of Paris. They were all in the best quarters, and had simple brass plates on the door—*Purchasing Commission*. His head office was at 101 avenue Henri Martin, a broad tree-lined thoroughfare that leads from the Trocadero to the Bois de Boulogne. It was a six-roomed flat of which three rooms were used for offices; one was a dining-room, another a sitting-room and next to it was another small room. This last room was fitted with rather special furniture and appliances.

No Questions Were Asked

Clients calling on him were usually shown into one of the offices on the left of the corridor. But occasionally an important contact might be asked to stay to lunch with M. Masuy. It was always a good lunch, starting with the best aperitifs, continuing with champagne and finishing with liqueurs. Perhaps during lunch a groan might be heard from the room next door. Masuy would dismiss it with the casual observation: "*Ceux sont des mauvais garçons.*" The client never asked questions.

At Neuilly-sur-Seine Masuy was considered a good family man. On fine mornings he was seen riding with the two elder of his children in the Bois. About midday he would kiss his wife goodbye and drive to town in a smart Delahaye.

After giving routine orders to the staff in his three small offices, he would retire to his dining-room, pour himself a drink, and change his clothes. This meant divesting himself of the jacket of his smart lounge suit, and substituting a long leather jacket that reached to his knees. Over his short, stubby-fingered hands he would pull rubber gloves. These preliminaries would prevent any stains on his beautiful clothes. The gloves protected his carefully manicured nails.

The Real Business Begins

Then he would go to the little room next door. There three or four men, with congealed blood on their faces and bodies from overnight punishment, were chained to a wall. They awaited further interrogation. The principal part of his day's business began.

"Allo, 'allo, boys, made up your minds yet?"

Silence.

"A glass of wine, perhaps. No, it wouldn't taste too good, eh?"

Then: "Is no one going to talk?"

The sound of a boot hitting flesh. A shriek of pain.

"You want me to start all over again, eh?"

Cracks of a whip. A cry: "Oh, God, leave me alone."

"Be sensible, then."

Cracks of a whip again. "Stop, stop, I'll do anything."

"Ah, that's a good fellow. I don't like doing this."

A groan.

"You'll talk then?"

"Yes, yes, anything."

"Unchain him, Heinrich, and bring him into my office. I'll see to the others later."

So came his first success of the day. The signed statement from a half-dead witness was worth a considerable sum to Masuy. They did

WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND WOMEN WERE WOMEN



THERE WERE GIANTS in those days, as the old saying goes. People in olden times mostly had a vigour, a gusto, a pleasure in living that is often killed by the bustle and strain of modern life. 'Sanatogen' gives you back that gusto, that pleasure. 'Sanatogen' creates new reserves which will recapture for you that vitality and excitement of an heroic age. It supplies essential phosphorus and protein to build up both nerves and body, in a form the system can easily assimilate.

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THE HUMAN MACHINE

How to be content

AN attempt to achieve something bigger and better is admirable. To strive for something that is merely different is just foolish.

"Taint everything as changes as changes for the best," as comedian Norman Long used to sing. We should always make sure that what we want is worth having.

The secret of contentment lies, not in doing what we please, but in being pleased with what we do.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WHO'S NEXT for a FORTUNE and THREE WISHES?

RAILWAY signalman J. B. Taylor and his wife are seen in this picture, rubbing the famous *Bullets* Magic Lamp. To go with his £750 cheque, First Prize-winner Taylor wished for a London weekend, a cutlery canteen and a big party for the old folks of the Darby and Joan Club in his home town of Rugeley.

All those wishes were fulfilled by JOHN BULL, as were those of the other four First Prize-winners whose names are also engraved on the lamp.



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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-free, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Feb. 3, and in JOHN BULL, dated Feb. 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus Shopping Bonus: T. W. Reed, 6 Ede Avenue, South Shields, Co. Durham:

DID SOMETHING TO ME CRIPPLE "STRIDING THROUGH LIFE"

SECOND PRIZE, £50: A. Kirby, 25 Stirling Street, Poulton, Wallasey: FAIRY GODMOTHER—DESPITE "SUDDEN EXITS," ELECTRICITY.

THIRD PRIZE, £25: H. A. Jackson, 46 Kendal Street, Barrow-in-Furness: HAPPY IN HIS CRADLE—BUT "BED" WORLD'S MAKING—.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: A. W. Davis, 47 Draper Road, Christchurch: CRUEL—THE "PARCEL" FROM KOREA. £15: J. Dunsdon, 2 Woodlea Grove,

Yeaton, Leeds: GOOD FOR NOBODY—EVERYBODY'S "LET SOMEBODY ELSE—"
£10: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: SEA OF SUSPICION—ATTLE CAN'T CROSS, JOE!
£5: W. Churcher, 21 Kersley Road, London, N.16: FORGETTING THE WAY—OF "GRACE," STREAMLINED AGE. £5: Mrs. J. W. Gibbins, 102 Harborough Road, Northampton: SANDS OF TIME—BETTER CROSSED WITHOUT "HUMR."
£5: Miss M. C. Holmes, "Cresthill," 1 Grange Road, Buxton: HOME OR THE VICTORIAN—CROWDED—BUT ONE FAMILY! £5: J. M. Lamont, 86 Blenheim Place, Aberdeen: "DAD'S CAR—PANTOMIME—"JACK" NEVER "IDLE!"

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin.

30 Prizes of £1 10s., 50 of £1 and 6,000 New Prizes have also been posted.

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues

1. Play of brilliant centre-forward is fairly often spoilt by one
2. There's a kind with which Committee is specially concerned
3. Sometimes helped a knight to woo fair lady
5. Many a one would be better for combing and cutting
8. Shipping, in particular, is likely to be menaced by
9. A great many old folk feel the need for these more in winter
12. In one sense generally has reference to game

Down Clues

1. Attacking air force may think it well worth their while to straddle it with bombs
2. Can have a very noticeable effect on your voice
4. Prima donnas seldom seem to be short of
6. With more this, many a garden would be improved
7. To do this is one method of cooking
8. Cartoonist often distorts them, to some degree
10. Has simply got to be exact
11. One at the office may cause friction between members of staff

£100 FIRST PRIZE

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£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 713

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 3. Clash. 5. Woman. 6. Peat. 7. Fined. 9. Frock. 13. Fears. 14. Weak. **DOWN:** 1. Power. 2. Taste. 4. Hardy. 7. Fares. 8. Vow. 10. Clime or Crime. 11. Cafe. 12. Rack.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: A. Walker, 273 Dallow Road, Luton, Beds. Eight entrants share £50 CASH for 1st Runners-up. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

£100 and 5-lb. FOWL Prizes for this XWORD

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	R	E	D		E				I	4	F	
			5	B		A	R	D		M	A	
			6				M	E		7		
8	F	O					9	C		A	T	S
	A	I		10			E			K	O	
	C	L	A	I	M	S			E	T	C	
			G	N	A	S	H					
12	S		O	T	717	O	A	S	T			

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.); Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **717** Closing Postmark, Monday, Jan. 15

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

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Address.....

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 27.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

not come easily, these confessions. Still, Masuy was a specialist in torture. One had to keep posing questions during the punishment. For one might miss that psychological breaking point, from which the victim would pass on to a dull, animal-like acceptance of physical suffering. Then torture was useless.

Masuy was a very busy man in the autumn of 1943, but he was also a very anxious one. For one name kept recurring in the weekly dossier he received from Gestapo headquarters. It was that of Gilbert Renault, alias Remy, whose network was uncovering all the Wehrmacht's plans on the Atlantic coast. "You must catch Remy," said a German directive. "Make it priority number one."

Masuy had begun to despair of netting this "Pimpnel" from London when suddenly Robert Bacques, Renault's principal radio operator, fell into his hands.

It was November, 1943. At the moment of the arrest in Paris, Renault was sitting in Colonel Passy's office in London. He had adopted a second disguise, and was to fly back to France that night. His hair was dyed grey; false heels in his shoes added nearly an inch to his height, and a steel frame, tight across the skin of his shoulders, forced him into a stoop. He looked like a tired man in the sixties.

Nearly In The Trap

A messenger came into the room and handed Passy a sealed envelope. He opened it, his face blanched, and he handed it to Renault. It was a decoded radio message from Paris. It read: "Was arrested by Gestapo at Café Dupont, place de Ternes, managed to escape, afraid to contact others, as might be followed. Await instructions. Bacques."

Renault's jaw set grimly. "The sooner I'm on the spot the better."

That night he went down to a small aerodrome to board his Lysander. But the flight had to be cancelled because of bad weather. The following morning Passy handed him another message. It said: "Is landing operation on for tonight? Await clue in B.B.C. messages. Bacques." Passy and Renault looked at each other. It was clear that Bacques had been bought by Masuy. Bacques had not known about the Lysander operation.

To confuse his enemies, Renault replied that the operation was on. For two hours Masuy and a dozen armed German policemen waited for the Lysander that never came.

Next morning the following message came: "Storm in the West." This was the agreed signal to announce wholesale arrests in the network. Only one man escaped. On him Renault had to start rebuilding his group, which was still active when the Allies landed in France.

NEXT WEEK: The Resistance faces crisis. Then a Briton parachutes to the scene

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Readers with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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Read this:—W. DEVEREUX of Letchworth, Herts, writes: "Monday I had an awful aching feeling all over me as if I had got the 'flu coming. My coughing was terrible all day. When I got home at 5.30, I had a hot drink, took two 'ASPROS'. When I got up this morning I was feeling absolutely fit."

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SEND NO MONEY NOW



Windows to a New World

Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society's
Powis Street Store.
Drawn by Rowland Hilder, R.I.

THE FIRST DEPARTMENT in this impressive Royal Arsenal Co-operative Store at Woolwich moved in, in 1939, and was actually selling goods a year before the building was completed. As work progressed other departments cramped in smaller, older, buildings, plunged impatiently in, the assistants treading on the builders' heels . . . Floor by floor it went up—floor by floor it was occupied. What an amazing contrast this strikingly modern departmental store makes with the first shop of the Society—a small room in the house of William Rose, a worker in the Tool Room of the Shell Foundry at the Royal Arsenal. Rose and his friends had no capital even to rent a shop, when, in 1868, they joined together to form a Co-operative Society. But, inspired by the principles of the Rochdale Pioneers—which had fired the imagination of so many men throughout the country—and with the permission of Mrs. Rose they turned a bench into a counter, the room into a shop, and with a chest of tea, a sack of sugar, and two crocks of butter their Co-operative Society was launched—named after the Royal Arsenal.

The appeal of this just, non-

profit system—that returns the trading surplus to the members as dividend in proportion to purchases—was as great in South London as elsewhere. Since its humble beginning the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society has grown into an immense retail concern with 550 shops, stores, and depots, and a turnover of £17,000,000—owned and controlled by the members themselves. The wives of Woolwich had looked out indeed through the Roses' window to a new world!

Supplying the Royal Arsenal Society—and every other Retail Society throughout the kingdom—with fine foods and almost everything else needed in the home, is the C.W.S., the wholesaling and manufacturing organisation of the Co-operative Movement—another great possession in the hands of the people.

CWS

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